

LOS ANGELES GRAPHIC

VOL. XLX--No. 3

LOS ANGELES, JULY 15, 1916

PRICE TEN CENTS

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—The Graphic is published every Saturday at Los Angeles, Cal. The subscription price is \$2.50 a year; six months, \$1.40; three months, 75 cents, payable in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Sample copies free on application. News dealers and agents in the interior supplied direct from The Graphic office. Subscribers wishing their address changed should give their old as well as their new location. Checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., should be made payable to The Graphic. Address: Publication Office: 114 E. Fourth St. Telephone: Home A 4482. Entered as second-class matter May 23, 1914, at the postoffice at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CRITICAL COMMENT

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL T. CLOVER, Editor R. O. FOOTE, Associate

PROBLEM OF PAYING THE FIDDLER

OF course, if we dance we must pay the fiddler. That is an inescapable axiom. With proposed total appropriations of \$1,600,000,000, the defense budget comprising \$600,000,000, which Congress is expected to authorize in the next two weeks, the country must face ways and means to meet this extraordinary expenditure. Chief of the methods to increase the revenues is the doubling of the basic rate of the income tax and appreciably higher surtaxes; a levy on all inheritances above \$50,000; a tax of five to eight per cent on the gross receipts derived from the sale of munitions of war; a protective tariff, masquerading under the title of "anti-dumping" legislation; special tax on bankers, brokers, pawnbrokers, circuses, billiard halls, bowling alleys, theaters, etc. In other words, on luxuries or non-necessities, which the people who indulge in such will, in the last resort, be mulcted to meet. These provisions are expected to yield in excess of \$200,000,000 in additional revenues to the United States treasury, of which the increases in the income tax will supply fully one-half. Of course, not all the \$600,000,000 will be spent in one year, but if there is a shortage of funds to meet the demands, bonds are to be issued. The total revenue bill is expected to produce \$250,000,000. There is no change in the income tax below the \$4,000 level, but net incomes between that figure and \$20,000 are taxed two per cent, as against the present basic rate of one per cent. The highest surtax authorized by the Underwood bill was six per cent, which was imposed on all net incomes above \$500,000. Under the proposed amendment the top rate jumps to ten per cent. Chairman Kitchin, of the ways and means house committee, has put in several months of conscientious study and labor, with his associates, in framing the new revenue bill. If it fails to please the country the fault must be laid at the door of the ultra-preparedness patriots, who have so strenuously demanded increased army and navy defenses. Six hundred million dollars is a heap of money and the income tax plan is probably the fairest method devisable of levying the impost. At least, it has to be met by the big earning powers of the country.

WHY PEACE IS STILL FAR DISTANT

PRINCE VON BUELOW, former German chancellor, has written a book called "German Policies," and in the preface the author discusses Germany's future and the form that a peace treaty must take in order to protect his country from the wrath of the allies in the coming years. To forestall their lust for revenge by gaining certain guarantees von Buelow regards as absolutely essential to the salvation of the German empire, "both as a recompense for the unheard of trials and sufferings we have endured and as a security for the future." Even as the British and French are found declaring that the result of the war must be positive, not negative, so, too, is von Buelow's conclusion. Simple re-establishment of the status quo ante bellum, he points out, would mean a loss, not a gain, when one considers the hatreds engendered by the war. Hence the need of gaining real securities in the peace settlement, the strengthening of political, economic and military powers that will enable the Germans to regard with equanimity the enmities on all sides. The distinguished author lays stress upon the importance of fostering a friendly feeling with those states "with which Germany did not cross swords, irrespective of whether the propa-

ganda of the enemy press and enemy agitators influenced the feelings of the people against us during the war." It is a canny Prince von Buelow. He recognizes the commercial necessity for the retention or restoring of friendly relations among "neutral" nations if Germany is to find a market for her industries. He cautions his people that "political necessities must disregard national likes and dislikes, even though they be justified." Evidently, the former chancellor had a transatlantic vision when he dictated that paragraph. Justification, however, is a term that is easier to employ than to prove. "Even those states with which Germany did not cross swords" may be difficult to placate in view of the many violations of their statutes by German officials in the spreading of war propaganda. Prince von Buelow's observations are chiefly interesting as reflecting what the Central bureau is undoubtedly thinking and planning. Clearly, Germany is in no position yet to attain those "securities" which von Buelow considers as requisite to her safety. And with the allies equally determined that the result of the war shall be similarly positive, it is patent that peace is still far distant.

OUR POLITICAL DEPENDENCY

AFTER the fall election, Los Angeles is likely to revive the agitation, which began about the time the capital was established in Sacramento instead of Monterey, for a division of the state at the Tehachapi. Not that anything will come of it for many a year, but it is highly probable that our political dependency upon the north will be brought home to us more strongly than ever before. And with this realization, resentment is sure to be aroused. With all its faults, the old convention system succeeded in maintaining the political balance between north and south. But in California as elsewhere a preponderance of votes in one section fails to take such niceties into account. It was a handicap that the seat of state government should be so far away as to be almost inaccessible to Southern California. And now the personnel of that government has become almost wholly alien to us—alien because it is almost wholly northern, and there never has been either much understanding or much sympathy between the northern and southern parts of the state. Formerly, the political managers or bosses saw to it that the governorship, occasionally at least, went to the south, and it has been an unwritten law that one senator should come from the south and the other from the north. But the times have changed. The south, while growing enormously in population, both actually and relatively, is waning rather than waxing in political importance, state and national, and instead of becoming more independent, is increasingly dependent upon northern California. There is a possibility that we shall lose our one United States Senator, about all we have left, for not even Gov. Johnson's political enemies will deny that he has an excellent chance of succeeding Senator Works. The state constitutional provision forbidding the election of the governor to the Federal senatorship during his term of office recently was abrogated. Although probably in conflict with the Federal constitution, it was effective by moral force until repealed. Now there is no barrier to the candidacy of the governor, and Southern California must soon determine whether its regard for Hiram W. Johnson, often expressed favorably in state elections, is stronger than its reluctance to relinquish its representation in the United States Senate. The Graphic presents the situation fairly and frankly, without attempting at this time to argue the merits of the question.

LIGHT AND TOO FANTASTIC

WHEN the Roman Catholic Church, than which there is no religious body with a more liberal policy toward amusements, officially bars from all parish functions the modern dances, surely it is time to pause and consider seriously the nature of these diversions. Cardinal Farley, who fathered the order to all American parishes, is no ascetic, no ultra puritan as regards social affairs and amusements. Seldom has a broad, restrictive rule been laid down by this distinguished prelate. That he, therefore, should take such a step is doubly significant, combining as he does the viewpoint of the churchman and the man of wide experience in the world. What, then, is the nature of the

modern dance, that he should consider the situation of such importance as to call for drastic action? For the last few years it has been the tendency merely to laugh at the gyrations which have supplanted the waltz and two-step. Their names themselves, turkey trot, bunny hug, Gaby slide, 'Frisko glide, and, latest of all, walking the dog, tend to disarm criticism with amusement. But many of them have had their source in bacchanalian resorts in all parts of the world, Buenos Ayres, Paris, San Francisco, and have found their way into the home and the ballroom via the vaudeville stage. The stream can rise no higher than its source. In all innocence, young women have entered into the fun of the thing and, by a vast majority of them, of course, have remained untouched by the resulting familiarity of association, often with men who are, necessarily, mere acquaintances. Our own indictment of these so-called dances is that they are unlovely. They have none of the grace of motion of the older movements, and the music created for their accompaniment has not risen, and cannot in the nature of things rise, to the artistic heights of a composition by Strauss or Weber. The best that can be said for them is that they are prankish romps, almost hoydenish, and the worst, we fear would not make pleasant reading. We heartily approve the cardinal's mandate, and while this, diplomatically, governs only parish affairs, functions where the semi-official sanction of the church is involved, nevertheless, the influence will be much broader. For when the traditionally liberal Catholic Church has taken such a stand, the devout heads of families will go still further. The modern dances have received a staggering blow, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, it will prove to be but the first stroke in a general declaration of war upon these unesthetic inventions of usurpers in the priesthood of the ancient and honorable goddess of terpsichore.

NOT A TYPICAL INDEPENDENT

LONG ago, President Wilson correctly estimated the great value of the independent vote in this country and was frank enough to admit that he owed his election to the "vest pocket" constituency. Consequently, it must cause him no little perturbation of mind to see so sturdy an independent and one having so large a following as George Haven Putnam declaring in favor of Charles Evans Hughes for the presidency, since it is without doubt a reversion of political sentiment from that expressed by him at the polls in 1912. We have read Mr. Putnam's reasons for his change of attitude and are not profoundly impressed by his contentions. He properly extols the important achievements of the Wilson administration, repeal of the Panama tolls act, reduction of the tariff and the organization of a workable national financial system. For what the President has done in preserving the United States from the burdens and horrors of war he would give full credit, but he finds a "fatal weakness in the framing and in the enforcement of a national policy." The leadership is "timid and vacillating" is the charge, resulting in a failure of the United States to fulfill its duty in the matter of the maintenance of the rights of neutral states and in the protection not only of American citizens, but of non-combatants generally. Mr. Putnam sees the reputation of the nation suffering because of the lack of a full understanding of the nature of our national obligations, in consequence of which we have been called upon to accept, alike from Mexico and from Berlin, communications which were a combination of childishness and insolence. This, to his mind, denotes a weakness that increases the risk of war rather than the contrary. Mr. Wilson's willingness to carry on the government with a weak cabinet is another grievance, indicating as it does an over-degree of self-sufficiency on the part of the President. He dominates his cabinet and refuses to give heed to good counsel proffered by experts in their respective fields. This Mr. Putnam considers unsafe and even dangerous in a leader. He feels certain that Judge Hughes' trained mind and judicial temperament would tend to avoid such a course. He admits that his free trade proclivities would be jolted in supporting Hughes, but he believes that with a strong cabinet the menace to the country's welfare would be so far offset that the free trader could afford to pocket that "annoyance." We

have no quarrel with Mr. Putnam for baring the workings of his mind to his fellow citizens. We have found occasion in the past to deplore Mr. Wilson's ineptness in choosing his political advisers and his tendency to reject expert opinions that were not of his own seeking. But weaknesses though these traits be, they are not all-damning. As a constructive President, Woodrow Wilson has proved his courage and determination in a pinch. Many of these same chambers of commerce throughout the country whose rejected protests on business matters Mr. Putnam sorrowfully notes, were also found vigorously demanding on a former occasion that the Panama tolls be remitted on American coasters and our treaty obligation with Great Britain repudiated. It works both ways, you see. Considering Mr. Putnam's objections by and large and contrasting them with his approved particulars of the Wilson administration, by his own estimate he is convicted of inconsistency. He would desert, for sufficient reasons, a President who, in the main, has given the country an excellent administration, to support a candidate whose strength is to come from his association with advisers of the Root-Stimson-Roosevelt caliber, mainly because they would be likely to frame a vigorous foreign policy. There are plenty of independents left to elect Mr. Wilson who will not be so finical as Mr. Putnam.

PERILS TO AMATEUR TENNIS COMBATED

THERE is good ground for the charge advanced by the executive committee of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association that "certain abuses have begun to creep into tennis in this country." An appeal is made to tennis players and tennis officials of the nation to get together in the name of good sportsmanship in an effort to combat the threatened dangers which, if unchecked, promise to disrupt tennis as a purely amateur sport. Chief among the impending disasters is that the game may have to change its high ideals so as to conform to the slogan of "sport for the sake of a livelihood." This is seen in the fact that certain tennis men are entering the sporting goods business ((referring, probably, to Messrs. Bundy and McLoughlin) and making capital of their skill on the courts to augment their commercial gains; the other, the paying of the expenses of players by clubs giving tournaments. These evils are not imaginary. Every tennis player or tennis fan in the country has seen this tendency toward the capitalization of skill on the courts and that tennis players have been hovering on the brink of professionalism through the acceptance of "expense" money and "gratuities" from clubs holding tournaments has been similarly apparent. It is proposed to put a stop to these encroachments on the pure sport by adopting a rule which shall bar any player from taking money from other than his own club or association. It is further suggested that no players engaged in the tennis goods business shall be eligible to compete in events sanctioned by the national tennis association. There is a vast difference between the paying of a player's expenses by a club giving a tournament and similar action by his own club. By attracting prominent players in this wise and charging gate receipts, a club can turn a pretty penny. In merely contributing expense money to one of its own members to represent it abroad in a tournament, there is no element of financial gain. One is illegitimate, hence to be deprecated; the other highly proper and permissible. It is to be hoped the national association will endorse the tentative action of the executive committee when the proposed amendment is submitted for consideration next February. Tennis is the one major sport left without a taint of professionalism in it and any tendency to the infringement of the amateur rule should be vigorously contested. Let the slogan, "Sport for sport's sake," forever cling to this clean, healthy game.

MISSED HER OPPORTUNITY

WHETHER Mrs. Hetty Green's estate is worth fifty or a hundred millions of dollars—possibly more—is not revealed by her will, the closing clause of which provides that the son and daughter shall not be required to file an inventory or appraisal or give bonds, and "shall not be required to account in or be subject to the jurisdiction of the probate court." Doubtless, the inheritance tax law will attend to that part, however. Of the huge fortune she had accumulated only \$25,000 is left to outsiders, the remainder going to the son, with a trust fund to the daughter. Not one dollar to charity! Not a nickel of the many millions devoted to philanthropic purposes! In a way it was her own to bequeath as she pleased, but was that her right? Did she not owe a duty to the country wherein she had managed to concentrate the vast sum of which she died possessed? We think she did. Out of so much wealth a part should have been set

aside to relieve the wretchedness of the nation's unfortunates. Think what a joyous thrill would have seized the multitudes these grim days of war and turmoil if the telegraph had flashed back from Bellows Falls, Vermont—where all that is mortal of Mrs. Hetty Green lies interred—that the will had provided for a trust fund of fifty million dollars for the founding, say, of a national sanitarium for poor tuberculosis patients in Arizona or Southern California. What a paean of praise would be ascending to high heaven at this writing for the woman whose life work had thus proved to be anything but wasted or of a selfish nature! If reports are correct, there would still remain another fifty millions for the son and daughter, so that they would be in nowise rendered embarrassed by the benevolence. How the country needs such a philanthropy! A greater gift to suffering humanity it were impossible to suggest. Since Mrs. Hetty Green has missed her chance, has remained true to her unlovely type, the country will have to wait on other of the nation's inordinately rich to grasp this great opportunity to do good. Let the disposition come quickly. The white plague numbers its victims by the thousands and they are, many, many of them pitifully in need of help, such as Hetty Green's millions could have yielded.

IDEA WORTHY OF EMULATION

WHAT is this we hear from Ripon, Wisconsin? Surely our eyes deceive us—yet the news seems to be well authenticated. Citizens of Ripon have met and decided not to accept the \$75,000 which their representative in Congress had succeeded in having appropriated for a federal building in that city of about four thousand inhabitants. Truly, this is difficult to believe, or believing, it is difficult to understand. Furthermore, these Riponites have requested of Congress that the \$75,000 be added to the general appropriation for national defense, and already the senate has before it a bill providing that the money be devoted to the aviation service. Can it be that the ancient and honorable custom of getting what there is to be had for one's district is to be abolished, not through a mutual agreement on the part of congressmen, but by an awakening of the conscience of the communities designed to receive the theoretical benefit? Ripon, be it known, is a city which is proud of its past and its present. It is recorded that here, in a Congregational church, in 1854, the last day of February, to be exact, the meeting was held where the Republican party was born. There is a college located at Ripon, also a Carnegie library. Logically enough, the citizens might be expected to desire a postoffice worthy of all these high distinctions. Yet, though it is situated so far in the interior that it is virtually immune from immediate danger in the event of invasion, it finds the needs of the nation of greater importance than a fine building where its people may swap anecdotes while they get their mail. Long ago we have ceased to look for altruism where federal grants are concerned. From the deepening of Bill Jones' creek so that rowboats could safely make the passage to Hank Smith's lake from the old-mill pond, to the erection of a monument, the history of appropriations for local purposes is not particularly stimulating. Here is a Wisconsin town deliberately rejecting an improvement which may have been an actual need. Certainly, this is a healthy symptom. Where is the city to follow Ripon's example and encourage the habit?

GRAPHITES

In the successful trip of the super-submarine Deutschland there is much to please both militarists and pacifists. It supports the claim of the first that war is a great accelerator of development. Had Germany not been spurred on by the need of material for munitions and the chance of extraordinary profits on dye stuffs it is probable that several years would yet have elapsed before such a voyage would have been attempted. The pacifists will see in the beginning of the end of naval armament. And if the claims of a super Zeppelin are equally well founded the dream of a great international peace association in the guise of a great commercial pact of all people told in Kipling's "With the Night Mail" may soon be fact, not fancy.

Itchi, Vichi Foreign Names

Weep, weep, ye stony-hearted men, who never wept before,
Since Mikulicz's fallen on far Galicia's shore;
Voulka-Galouzkai's soil is red with many an Austrian's blood,
And Issakovijicatchin's plains are split by cannon's thud.
Baranovich, too, alack, has seen a stubborn battle,
With Russ and Teuton, grimly locked, in pastures dead like cattle;
And east, in Ekinovich, the foe is loth to yield,
While Czatorysk, with strong defense, against Kar-poorf is steeled.
Akobelevisky still holds tight; Kostinchkow's on the blink—
These itchi, vichi foreign names will drive us all to drink.
S. T. C.

WAR FRANKNESS BEST POLICY

By Cyril H. Bretherton

FRIENDS in Los Angeles have been upbraiding me for being so frankly critical of His Majesty's government and His Majesty's war office in my letters to The Graphic, their theory being that it heartens the enemy—meaning the hyphenated American—and makes a bad impression on neutrals. I admire the spirit which prompts them to this attitude, but cannot admit that it is a sound one. Germany's guilt is not diminished by the fact,—if it is a fact,—that there are flabby old gentlemen in the British cabinet. And if England is fighting in a good cause that fact is not lessened by the fact that her fighting is conducted in part by a group of estimable old dunderheads. I am well aware that to the American people as to all people, success in achievement is infinitely more important than the morality of the undertaking, but so far as the facts are concerned they are, as The Graphic readers know, shaped without respect to my opinion, or anybody else's. England has suffered much from the misguided activities of the "hide-the-truth" press, as they call it here, and unduly optimistic statesmen and soldiers.

There would have been no rebellion in Ireland, the ill-fated Gallipoli expedition would have been withdrawn months before and conscription would have been enforced when it could be effectual, if the English people's leaders had chosen to tell the unpalatable truth. They may have acted wisely in withholding the truth. If that is so, it casts a reflection upon the English character that my friends in Los Angeles must join me in resenting. The great battle off Jutland has provided an instance of the value of the exact truth in vital matters. The British admiralty issued an exact statement of the bare facts as it had them. It read rather like an admission of defeat, but only because it stated the British losses frankly and merely said that the German losses were serious. The Tory press suffered panic, as did many persons; and when the fact that the battle was a British victory became apparent they abused Mr. Balfour like a pickpocket for deceiving them, as they called it. Really, they were angry with themselves for having so readily assumed defeat for the navy. But the effect on neutrals of the frank admiralty statement and the obvious unwillingness to try to influence neutral opinion by a highly colored report have done nothing but good. Germany, on the other hand, led off with paeans of victory, understated her losses, then naively admitted that she had concealed them for "military reasons" and generally shook whatever faith in her veracity the neutral peoples then enjoyed.

It is hard to see what comfort the pro-German Americans can derive from the position of affairs here. The battle off Jutland has established firmly the fact that navally Germany is helpless. On land she made progress in the west, but at a terrible price. And now comes the great Russian offensive in Volhynia and once again Germany must hold up the hands of her ally, Austria. The British have attacked and, win or lose, it will be "some push." Verdun will be child's play to it. If Germany uses her internal reserves to stop the gaps through which the Russians are pouring into Bukowina and Galicia, it means a final abandonment of the Verdun attacks and a definite and permanent passing to the defensive of the German forces.

As matters stand at present it looks as if the British forces took the offensive earlier than has been planned, partly, at least, to head off a final tremendous attack on Verdun by the Germans. The Russian advance into Galicia cannot, of course, continue at the breakneck pace at which it started but the Russians are well able to make themselves solid in the new territories they occupy.

But, while Germany must assume a strictly defensive policy, except, of course, in a small way, it by no means follows that the Allies can defeat her. I still incline to the belief that they cannot and that in a military sense the war will be a draw so far as Germany is concerned. But Germany has played for "world power or downfall" and in every other respect but the military downfall is hers. She will not, of course, be destroyed or even greatly weakened as a nation, but the Germany as it is embodied in the Prussian autocracy, in militarism and "vaulting ambition" will follow von der Goltz and von Moltke to the grave.

By the time this letter is published the Irish question will, I am informed, have been settled. My informant is a man well able to judge of Irish affairs—indeed, he occupies a prominent part in them—and I hope a little later to send you interesting "copy" from him. At present he must be nameless. The Nationalists have determined to accept the "principle" of separation for the six Ulster counties in exchange for the solid fact of Home Rule. They think, and rightly, that the Separatists will come into line after the actual benefits of that step become apparent and the satisfaction of having their own way has worn itself out. Not that any of these things mean a settled Ireland or a cessation of revolutionary propaganda. But it will be a step in the right direction.

I see that President Wilson has concluded—as I insisted he would—that the only hope for the Democratic party is to have a nice war on at election time. Only Mexico and not Germany, is to be the sacrifice. I do not think anybody will shed tears for Carranza. The forthcoming presidential election causes but little excitement over here, partly because nobody ever heard of Hughes and partly because they seem to assume the re-election of President Wilson as a foregone conclusion. It is certain that insofar as the United States has any concern in the European struggle it is best that a safe, sane and conservative hand should guide its destinies. Either Wilson or Hughes appear to fill this category.

I have seen nothing of the few Los Angeles warriors that are here. Woodcock has been commissioned and Leonard Cooke is in France. Powell will be there in a few days. Henry Young is still in England and shows no signs of leaving it.
London, July 3, 1916.



Poetry in Relation to Nature

By Marguerite Wilkinson



WHEN we are out of doors we come to believe that the daisies are the best folk songs; that the staidly enclosed fields of grain, pliant and murmurous with rippling movement, are the best lyrics; that the trees, standing high and stalwart on the hills, triumphant after many struggles with the wind, are the best epics. And yet poetry is not felt in any of these, nor in the blue ceiling of the sky, nor in the floor of the forest mottled with many shadows, unless mankind is present with them all to explore and name them and reveal them, and to declare the essence of them. The threshold of the worlds would be dark indeed, and the great room of the universe empty and cheerless if no being sentient and imaginative walked upon the earth, laughed with the grass and made merry under the sun. But wherever man or woman or child sits down under a tree to dream the long dream of creation, there may be found and felt the songs that are daisies and grain and tall trees.

For this reason it becomes a folly to prate of nature as of something set apart from man, or from poetry, to set bounds between them and say dogmatically, "This is one thing and that is another." As we are made of grains and grasses, and as they, in turn, feast their roots upon us, so between us there is high communion and interchange, and a rising and falling of the tides of life forever and forever. And as man is made of the green things that grow upon the earth in conjunction with a fine inexplicable fire, so poetry, which is latent and potent everywhere, is made vocal through him, through the life and fire of his blood. A poem that beautifully sings this communion and interchange is called "Agamede's Song," and is by Arthur Upson. It can be found in Jessie B. Rittenhouse's "Little Book of Modern Verse."

Agamede's Song

Grow, grow, thou little tree,
His body at the roots of thee,
Since last year's loveliness in death,
The living beauty nourisheth.

Bloom, bloom, thou little tree,
Thy roots around the heart of me.
Thou canst not blow too white and fair
From all the sweetness hidden there.

Die, die, thou little tree,
And be as all sweet things must be.
Deep where thy petals drift, I too
Would rest the changing seasons through.

If a poet would write great poems, then, out of the body and spirit of the earth of which he is made, he must remember that he himself is a part of the whole, and that all the poems he can make have been the heritage of the veins of his body, nourished by that earth. And he must let his spirit loose to go out into all wild things and bring home their secret experience. He must join together these twin spirits never more than seemingly sundered from each other, the soul of the free earth and the soul of man. The fact that Walt Whitman was able to do this contributed more than almost anything else to the vigor and greatness of his work. And in our time it may be true that Rabindranath Tagore owes much to a similar ability.

But, after all, there is something in a fine poem which reaches beyond the maker and beyond that out of which it was made. Maker and materials pass and die and are changed to live again, perhaps, in forms unknown and unknowable. But a poem is more likely to be immortal than anything else man can make. It can live as long as it is justified by its own truth and beauty in a speech that men are capable of understanding. When a great apostle wished to symbolize perfectly the greatest master of men who ever lived, he said, in noble poetry, "In the beginning was the Word—" "The Word"—that is, speech, expression, is one of the culminating achievements of the race. A poem, therefore, since it is the bravest and best human speech is the great word of life. A poem like Swinburne's "Hertha" is the vital, conscious and transcendent echo of the poems that are daisies and grain fields and tall trees.

Here is a good short poem written in open air symbols, in the hendecasyllabic measure of Sappho. It is not perfect, but it is not without enchantment. It is by Thomas S. Jones, Jr., and can be found in the April number of The Poetry Journal:

The Hills

Through the twilight faint winds will ever waken,
Ghostly trees adream in the frosty silence,
And the last red streaks of the winter sunset
Faded into ashes.

White above the lake and the leafless willows,
Cold and silver starglow, the full moon risen;
White the air will grow with a fleece of snowflakes
Silently falling.

This pale dream of lonely and haunted beauty
Evermore will come in the dusk of winter
From the hills of youth, as a ghost unbidden
Out of the twilight.

* * *

Much of the quaint flavor of Alfred Kreymborg's talent is suggested by the title of his book, "Mushrooms" published by the John D. Marshall Company. Perhaps, it is not too much to say that no one else is writing poems just like these in this volume in type and kind. They are as concentrated and as picturesque as the best work of the imagists and less hard and objective. Tenderness and gaiety and pathos, humor and delicate irony and even warm sentiment are of the substance of these piquant lines and half lines, these unfinished and suggestive fragments. Mr. Kreymborg never tells the whole story in any of his poems. But he usually tells enough to make it possible for us to compose our own picture and often he tells enough to induce a mood. He never wastes a word and is concise to a reader verge of obscurity. If he is never obscure to a reader it must be because that reader has an imagination ac-

tive enough to find the poem in the symbol quickly, to follow mood and meaning beyond the little groups of words that sometimes seem lonely upon the large white page.

Mr. Kreymborg has been told that he cannot be considered a serious poet because he puts a shy, delicate, delicious humor into these miniature sketches and dialogues. But if humor is a part of life, and an especially important part of modern life and consciousness, why, we may well ask, may it not be a part of poetry? Must we always sit stodgy and solemn before the grand spectacle if we would tell the world about it in words? There is room enough for grandeur and need enough for it also. But is there not room for mirth too? Are smiles always more vulgar and superficial than tears? A child hit by a snowball cries. A hero might laugh before the oncoming avalanche.

Having said this it is fair to admit that the poems in this volume are not great poems, that they are chiefly engaging and poignant little glimpses of small sections of a large world. Doubtless, Mr. Kreymborg knows this well. But according to their kind they are well done. And it seems to me that such exquisite fancy as is shown in the best of them needs only a somewhat more ample rhythmical accompaniment in order to become exceedingly gracious poetry.

Mr. Kreymborg is at his best in the dialogue poems like "Vigil," "Serenade," "Springtime" and "Idealists," and in the gentle and reverential poems written for his mother. He is not afraid to allow a speaking acquaintance with philosophical and ethical ideas to be evidenced tersely and epigrammatically in such poems as "Fugue" and "Credo." And his poems "Old Manuscript," "Earth Wisdom" and "What December Said To January" are finely sympathetic with that light-foot and fleet-winged sprite, the beauty of earthly seasons, that has never been cloistered and confined. Let me quote "Idealists":

Brother Tree:
Why do you reach and reach?
do you dream some day to touch the sky?
Brother Stream:
Why do you run and run?
do you dream some day to fill the sea?
Brother Bird:
Why do you sing and sing?
do you dream—

Young Man:
Why do you talk and talk and talk?

* * *

Many of the poets have already come to the conclusion that Mr. Braithwaite's Poetry Review is an interesting magazine. When we see such names as Amy Lowell and Hermann Hagedorn and John Gould Fletcher and Joyce Kilmer together on the cover we realize that the policy of the paper is catholic and tolerant. And on the first page of the June number is the promise of an article about "The Poetry Magazines of America" which will be printed to tell the story of Poetry, Contemporary Verse, and The Poetry Journal, as magazines "that have accustomed the public to magazines devoted exclusively to poetry, and thus made our success possible." We are also interested in the series of articles promised on "Poetry and The Colleges" and in the one on the Poetry Shop at Mount Holyoke by Jeanette Marks, published in this issue. The keynote of that article and of a right academic attitude toward poetry is to be found in the words, "The Old Beauty is good. But so, too, is the New Beauty. And these two cannot be divided, for they are one." A most original poem called "Spring" is published in this number. It is by John Gould Fletcher and I think it is the finest thing in the magazine, good enough to quote in full:

At the first hour, it was as if one said, "Arise."
At the second hour, it was as if one said "Go forth."
And the winter constellations that are like patient ox-eyes
Sank below the white horizon at the north.

At the third hour, it was as if one said, "I thirst."
At the fourth hour all the earth was still:
Then the clouds suddenly swung over, stooped, and burst;
And the rain flooded valley, plain and hill.

At the fifth hour, darkness took the throne;
At the sixth hour the earth shook and the wind cried;
At the seventh hour the hidden seed was sown,
At the eighth hour, it gave up the ghost and died.

At the ninth hour they sealed up the tomb;
And the earth was silent for the space of three hours.
But at the twelfth hour a single lily from the gloom
Shot forth and was followed by a host of flowers.

No hungry lover of poetry need starve nowadays for lack of his natural diet. We have foods for all appetites. (We have appetites for nearly all foods.) The Little Review is the snack and the stimulant—cocktails and Russian caviare—and The Poetry Journal offers a mild and palatable dish—a smooth flowing and satisfying puree. Mr. Kreymborg's "Others" supplies the "Olives" and the other clever little hors d'oeuvres and Mr. Kreymborg alone furnishes a course of mushrooms. Then there is The Masses with its acrid dislikes and delectable delineation of characters and its powerful wine of the love of life and life's rebellions—grilled lobsters and deviled crabs, say, with good Italian claret. Poetry is the mainstay of the poetry lover's meals and in a little room on Cass street in Chicago, where a kindly editor writes meaningful notes with a real old fashioned quill pen, is prepared the work which will become the roast beef and browned potatoes and Roman punch and bread and butter and other solid viands of the poetry dinner. Contemporary Verse serves us a fresh and pleasant course, our tender and succulent literary salads. Ices, cakes, bonbons and chocolates are added to the feast by The Atlantic Monthly, The Century Magazine and Harper's and Scribner's. The Smart Set, The North American Review and The Yale Review offer us their richly colored

oranges and pomegranates, their polished apples and pears, their sugary raisins and sweet almonds of poesy. The Trimmed Lamp brings an occasional good liqueur and The Bellman finishes the repast with excellent clear coffee.

What will you have friends? Caution is recommended to weak stomachs. But why censure as gluttonous the appetites of those who demand the whole menu? One course does not make a dinner.

* * *

Practical and earnest men and women whose lives are given up to labors for the betterment of themselves and their communities, their nation, their kind, often fail to see how poetry is serviceable to them, or indeed to others. They suppose that it is a prim game for college graduates, or a more or less frivolous interest for women's culture clubs, or an effeminate occupation for a peculiar people unfit for more robust occupations. They say that poetry does not prevent child labor, or prostitution, or industrial oppression, or capital punishment; that it does not erect public buildings and keep the streets clean and perform the several functions of Martha in the homes of the land. They believe that we should not waste time on poetry while reforms await reformers. Said one woman to a young poet lecturing on poetry, "Why not give your time to something useful like prison reform?" They do not realize that the poets who quicken life with a real power and devotion have chosen, like Mary of old, the better part that shall not be taken away.

For the man who might be a leaven of beauty in his times as a poet would not necessarily be a good reformer. He knows the value of the work of the practical man but he knows also that he must serve in another way and that he must be justified according to his own kind. And he knows that the world's songs are one way of educating the world's soul, and the sharing of the world's experience; and that upon the disciplined power of that soul and the luminous quality of that experience all reforms that are practical and temporary must depend.

* * *

Two prizes offered by The Poetry Society of America for the best poems read at meetings of that organization in the last year have been awarded to Jessie B. Rittenhouse for her poem "Debt" and to May Riley Smith for her poem "The Child in Me."

* * *

Mitchell Kennerley is no longer in charge of The Forum. It is now edited by Edward J. Wheeler who is a leading member of The Poetry Society and has been associated with Current Opinion for some time. It is quite probable that this will mean a change in editorial policy in the direction of greater conservatism in the philosophical tone of the magazine and in the theme and manner of the poetry used. But, however this may be, we hope that Mr. Wheeler will continue to show his interest in contemporary verse and that he will find work for the Forum that will challenge our interest and attention whether it be radical or conservative.

* * *

All the poets have begun to talk. Even Rabindranath Tagore is coming to this country in the early autumn to deliver a series of eighteen lectures at American Universities. For masters in their maturity this talking to audiences is a gracious occupation. It is fitting that those who have made the journey should tell us of the beauty and the peril of the road. But for the young poet the way of the lecturer is beset with pitfalls. If he be a clever speaker he will have need of simplicity and humility and sincerity if he would save his soul from the petting and the cajoleries of women's clubs. If he be sensitive he will have to be stout-hearted to withstand the back-wash of disappointment one feels sometimes in being unable to carry an unimaginative audience all the way. And yet if the poet be stout of heart and sincere and simple enough there is much for him to learn by going on the lecture platform. He can learn what cadences and images give pleasure and why, and to what types of personality they give most pleasure. From those unconsciously revealing eyes that look up to every platform he can learn the human side of his art as it can seldom be learned alone.

* * *

Our Authors' League of America has planned a special poetry market department to be issued monthly in The Bulletin. A glance into this department shows that magazines of a type that used no poetry at all five or ten years ago are now using verse and even admit without shame a preference for the best. How refreshing it is to a poet to hear an editor of a popular magazine say, instead of "we only use fillers," "we only use poetry that is worth while giving a page to!"

* * *

Amy Lowell's "Six French Poets" is in the second edition already—which is quick success for a book of criticism.

Houghton Mifflin & Company have added five new titles to their New Poetry Series recently, including "Goblins and Pagodas" by John Gould Fletcher which we expect to review very soon, "Roads" by Grace Fallow Norton and "A Song of The Guns" by Gilbert Frankau.

* * *

Let no one be deceived! John Fletcher is not John Gould Fletcher. There are two John Fletchers writing poetry. One is the well known imagist and the other is a new member of The Poetry Society, a younger poet and not as yet generally known. If they both intend fame to carry their names down the ages from this period it would be wise to change the name of one or both so that college students of three thousand Anno Domini need not blame either for the sins of the other. They do not belong to the same school.

POLICE COURTS AND CHILDREN

By Randolph Bartlett

IT is the boast of the city of New York that it has the most highly organized and specialized police courts in the world. This would be more fitting matter for boast if it were not so patently necessary. In the largest city in the world it would be a travesty indeed upon judicial procedure if a method had not been evolved whereby the thousands of cases could be arranged and assigned to departments where each variety of offence could be handled by experts, accustomed to the peculiar work in hand. So there has been established a women's night court, where the unfortunates from the street are brought before a judge who has made a study of sociological conditions. There is the men's night court, with kindred functions, the domestic relations court, whose scope is suggested by its name, the municipal term court, which handles tenement house, sanitary, and allied matters, and, most recently organized of all, the traffic court, where it is proposed that the way of the joy rider may be made harder through the fact that he will be brought face to face with the same judge upon his second and third offences. All this is laudable and modern. What must be said, then of a case which came into prominence recently, and might have escaped public attention only for the fact that the incident transpired on a Sunday, when news is scarce. Here are the facts:

Three boys, about ten years old, were preparing to go to a ball field for a Sunday game. While waiting for the other members of their team to join them, they began tossing the ball back and forth, playing catch. This was a violation of the law, contrary to the peace and dignity of the dignified city of New York. It is illegal to play ball upon the streets of New York Sunday. So a policeman swooped down upon the three lads, and dragged them into court. The next day their case was called and Magistrate Simms fined the boys \$5 each for their wrong-doing. But this was not all. If it had been, nothing more might have been heard of the matter. But the magistrate, intent upon carrying out the letter of the law, ordered the boys taken to the bureau of identification, and records made of their finger prints. Here were desperate young criminals. Who could tell but, perhaps, emboldened by this first defiance of the law, they might next engage in more serious crimes? Playing baseball in the streets is such a pernicious practice that it is impossible to tell to what it might lead. Next thing you knew they might be "sassing a cop" or feeding peanuts to the monkeys in the zoo. In such dire extremity it would be well to have incontrovertible proof of their first crimes, so that they might be dealt with properly under the second offence provision of the law.

Of course, there is nothing essentially demoralizing about taking a boy's finger prints. "It isn't," the magistrate said, in condoning his own action, "as if we photographed them for the rogues' gallery. No one but an expert can read a finger print record." But what of the effect upon the boys? Would not the mystery of the scientific process cause a greater reaction and revulsion in their minds than having their pictures taken? To the youngster it recalls all the detective stories he ever has read, it makes him feel that he is marked for life, that the police are on his trail. But again the magistrate speaks. The law is mandatory, he declares, and provides that all persons convicted of disorderly conduct must leave the records of their finger prints with the police.

O, wonderful efficiency of the New York courts! O, magnificent organization and specialization! A boy, casually tossing a ball to another boy, occupies no different position in the eyes of Gotham law from him who fills his system with fever-breeding liquors from water-front saloons, and roars his way through the streets. Both are guilty of disorderly conduct, and each must become a file number in the records of the police department. In brief, taking the magistrate at his word, the courts have been highly organized and the law, by which these courts operate, has been permitted to rust and decay in its medieval barbarism.

Yet not everyone in New York seemed altogether satisfied that the magistrate was entirely right in his statement that he had no option in the matter. The opinion was expressed that the magistrate seemed to prefer doing his work by rule of thumb, to exercising his discretion. "It is a great pity," one newspaper remarked, "that city magistrates should show so defective a sense of proportion as they often show, in punishing minor offences. The letter killeth, and such excesses of 'justice' lessen public confidence in the wisdom and usefulness of a police judge, whose judgments, to be of greatest use to the community, should be founded deep in sympathy with plain human nature, and acute to discern the intention underlying the act." Moreover, it so happened that the same day there was evidence that the magistrates are not always so careful to carry out the letter of the law. A police officer, off duty, annoyed a young woman on a ferryboat, in the big Sunday crowd, and was arrested and taken before Magistrate Krotel, who has been conspicuous for his severity in dealing with offenders of this sort. In fact, he has even given prison sentences of considerable length to men convicted of actions similar to those proved against the policeman.

But Magistrate Krotel remarked that this offender "had trouble enough on his hands now" and suspended sentence. The judge did not take the public into his confidence as to the nature of the policeman's other troubles, of which he seemed privately informed. He did not say whether these troubles had been brought upon the policeman by other misdeeds of his own. But he did see fit to let the offender go, practically scot free. Yet the boys who tossed a baseball back and forth on Gotham's sacred streets, were fined and their finger prints taken. Of course, he who expects consistency in the administration of the law in a city like New York is simply foolish, but the peculiar

juxtaposition of the two cases was so striking that even the long-suffering citizens of the world's biggest city found food for thought. It may be that they have forgotten all about the incidents by this time, but in any event, anything that can make New York stop, look and listen, is worthy, at least, of passing comment.

With the purchase by Frank Munsey of the two Suns, morning and evening, and the suspension of his own morning paper, the Press, that section of the population of New York which likes to have intelligence administered with its news, is standing by with mingled feelings of hope and doubt. The morning Sun is the last standby of the citizen who desires a literary flavor in the news he digests with his breakfast. The Sun has not been a paper which one seizes avidly, glances at the headlines, turns to the "funny" pictures on the sport page, and discards as he dashes for the subway. The most delightful and unexpected things lurk in the corners, and there are long stories and articles about nothing in particular, of which you can get no cue from the headlines, printed because they have style and charm. In other words, the Sun lacks "punch." Will Mr. Munsey, who, if he may be judged by his magazines and his political friends, is particularly fond of "punch," be satisfied to permit the Sun to carry out its traditions, or will he, with an eye to circulation and big advertising contracts, emulate the World, American and Herald? The Times, of course, is staid and conservative, but dull. The Tribune is distinguished by the presence on its staff of several brilliant writers, Franklin P. Adams, Grantland Rice, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Frank H. Simonds—specialists all—but a good general newspaper it is not, only a patchy thing. The World, American and Herald are so notoriously colored in their presentation of any subject in which their governing powers happen, at the moment, to be interested, that their huge circulations bring them no meed of respect. So the question of what Munsey will do with the Sun resolves itself into a question of whether or not this last exponent of high class journalism in America will continue to stand for what it has stood for these many decades.

Mr. Munsey's record as a publisher of newspapers is not a brilliant one. After other obscure ventures, he bought the Press, but it has been least known of all the New York morning papers. I, myself, after more than a year in New York, never have had a copy in my hand—a fact I did not realize until this moment when I intended to say something about it, and found I had no data. Yet I like variety in newspapers, and skip from one to another without program. This does not prove that the Press was not a good newspaper, yet I think I would have heard it mentioned occasionally had it possessed any distinctive virtues. Now neither the Press nor the morning Sun has been a money-maker. Perhaps, Mr. Munsey believes that, in combining them, he can retain sufficient of the business of both to make them pay. At least, let us not suppose for an instant that he is buying the Sun for a toy. The thing that I, and considerably more than one hundred thousand other individuals in these parts, are waiting to know is this: Does Mr. Munsey regard the Press as the kind of paper he wants the Sun to be, or is he satisfied that the Sun is all right and only needs the "leg up" that it will receive from the union of forces? And time alone can answer that question.

New York, July 7, 1916.

More Work for John Treanor

New activities and, incidentally, new troubles, loom ahead for John Treanor, now that William G. Henshaw of Berkeley has purchased the Glendale and Montrose railroad. Already Mr. Treanor is general manager of the other Henshaw interests in Southern California, including the immense Riverside-Portland Cement Company, and to these duties he is now to add those of vice-president of the railway, although W. J. Bohon is to be the general manager of the line. I understand the question of extension of this little railroad to Sunland and, possibly, to La Canada, rests with the residents of those communities, who will be asked to furnish a sufficient bonus to pay for losses in the first few years of operation. It has long been expected that the Pacific Electric would acquire the Montrose line from the former owner, J. Frank Waters, but, apparently, the larger corporation is not in a mood at present to acquire anything by purchase.

Jack Frost Here Early

Jack Frost will visit the High Sierras early this season, in fact, he is on his way there now. Yes, Jack Frost was even observed this week in decidedly sunny California, not he of the wintry breath but the genial Jack who is the accomplished son of the distinguished illustrator, A. B. Frost, the man who made rural pictures popular in metropolitan publications. Jack Frost failed to nip the gaiety of several gatherings of artists held while he was a Los Angeles visitor—rather he seemed to add greatly to the joyousness of the occasions, for he is a young man of pleasing personality, a talented artist who was so enamored of California upon a brief visit here last winter that he returned this week, to pass the summer. He has now left on a long automobile camping trip with Mr. and Mrs. Guy Rose and other friends, planning to visit the Yosemite and other points in the Sierras. Four automobiles will compose the artists' cavalcade and Jack will ride in a Ford delivery wagon of which he has possessed himself and in which will be packed a camping outfit. He and Mr. Rose expect to do considerable sketching.

All the time Mexico has been engaging our attention, the United States has been actually in a war with another republic, that of San Domingo. Yet the country knows little about it. Uncle Sam is chief of police in the black republic and has had occasion to discipline a few recalcitrants, hence the several recent fracas.

GOSSIP FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

HIS EXCELLENCY, HIRAM JOHNSON, unbosomed himself last Saturday before a small but exceedingly select gathering of The Chosen—which now is perhaps as good a name for the Johnson enthusiasts as any other, since they have almost unanimously subscribed to the epitaph of the Progressives written by T. R. His Excellency's audience at the Palace Hotel was largely composed of estimable Johnsonians who hold state office. They are no longer "insurgents," as there is nothing to insurg against, and they have "progressed" as far as the state treasury can stretch. Their present paramount issue is to hold on to office, but this patriotic design must be cloaked with a less transparent garment. They don't seem to have found it yet, for in Johnson's perfervid flow of several thousand words, the only live issue he raised was Himself and his senatorial aspiration. His Excellency, who pictures himself as the constant target of newspaper abuse, stigmatizes abuse as a contemptible and vapid weapon. Nevertheless in a few characteristic sentences he indulged his habit by paying his disrespect to the millionaire newspaper owners and their monstrous designs.

Once again Mr. Johnson finds, to his deep regret, that he must offer himself as a burnt sacrifice on the altar of public duty. He has convinced himself, at all events, that no other consideration could for a moment tempt him to exchange the climate of Sacramento for that of Washington, D. C. No one should ever forget that it was this inspiration of self-abnegation, and this alone, which dragged him from a lucrative law practice six years ago to the thankless toil and insignificant salary of the chief executive's office at Sacramento. Office and power have no charms for a man of Hiram Johnson's temperament. It is only the bugle call of Duty that has ever impelled him; the crying need of the people for a champion to deliver them from evil. This magnanimity, which by this time should be inseparable in the minds of the voters of California in their estimate of Hiram Johnson, while portrayed by Mr. Johnson himself with characteristic modesty, was the keynote of his first speech as a candidate for the Senate. From the outset it must be definitely understood that a Washington career is totally against Mr. Johnson's personal desire and inclination. He was at pains to reiterate this with all possible emphasis. We must never forget that "a man must eat," and "the specter of poverty stalks behind" the self-sacrificing patriot who without large private means allows himself to be measured for the expensive toga.

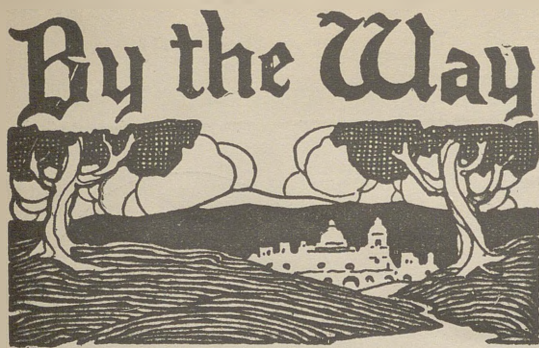
It remains to be seen whether or not Mr. Johnson's candidacy will incite enthusiasm in Southern California whither in the past he has always been able to look for substantial majorities. It is a natural and reasonable assumption with residents below the Tehachapi that Senator Works' successor should be a Southern Californian. They will undoubtedly insist that the precedent established by the election of White, Bard, Flint and the incumbent be followed. The support of the Regulars hereabouts undoubtedly will turn to Willis Booth. Sam Shortridge does not seem anxious to spend time and money in another race, and when the suggestion was made to William H. Crocker, the other day, that he would make an ideal senator, the popular banker, sportsman and philanthropist treated it with levity. Apparently he is quite content with his present political burden as national committeeman. Nor does anyone up here seem disposed to dispute the Democratic candidacy with George Patton or Isadore Dockweiler. Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane has made the most definite denial of any intention to be a candidate.

Former Lieutenant Governor Wallace was among the few Los Angeles delegates at Saturday's Johnsonian festival. Dr. John R. Haynes was also an interested spectator. The political wiseacres anticipate that Governor Johnson will soon follow his senatorial announcement with the appointment of a lieutenant governor, and are now inclined to the belief that the possible successor of Governor Johnson himself will be chosen from the South—as a political peace-offering which, however, may not pacify. Others still consider Chester Rowell the best bet.

It may be trite to remark that a professional man's services are worth whatever he can get and that he rarely gets what he thinks those services are worth. Therefore professional men frequently demand a great deal more than they ever expect to receive. John S. Partridge, who for the last fifteen months has been acting as special counsel for the receivers of the Western Pacific, has put in a little bill of \$170,000 for his services. The counsel of the reorganization committee thinks that less than a quarter of this fee would be ample remuneration. While determination of the sum to be paid Partridge will ultimately be made by the court, all reorganization expenses must be passed upon by the Railroad Commission, the salaried members of which seem to be somewhat staggered by the Partridge claim.

Mr. Hearst is finding it more difficult to declare war than he did eighteen years ago. It is among the most treasured traditions of Hearstria that we should never have gone to war with Spain had it not been for the urge of the Hearst papers. From his sickbed in a New York hospital last week he refreshed our recollection, but his El Paso alarmists and his headline artists have been extraordinarily premature in their recent predictions. Two weeks ago readers of the Hearst papers were assured that war would be declared in forty-eight hours. The next day the time of peace was reduced to twenty-four hours. But on leaving the theater that same night I heard all the real intelligence from a Hearst newsboy who was shouting more truthful headlines than are composed in the news-room. Laconically he remarked, "Villa still at liberty," "Pershing still pursuing."

San Francisco, July 12.



More Aspirants for Senate

Moved by the approach of primary election day, little more than a month off, to contemplation of the old adage that "he who hesitates is lost," two Senatorial Barkises came out of the political woods Thursday morning with announcements of their positions. Long continued rumor, to which I have referred several times, had robbed the statements of George S. Patton and Walter Bordwell of the element of surprise, but a sigh of relief went up in the political camps when the intentions of these two formidable candidates finally were definitely known. George Patton, of course, makes the race as a Democrat. It is probable he will have little opposition for the nomination of that party. His Democracy is of long standing, it began in Virginia before he left the Old Dominion at the tender age of eight years. He was, if I remember aright, a delegate to the convention which first nominated Cleveland and has long been the bright, particular light of the party in this section. Should he succeed in his ambition California will be notable for the character of its representatives in the supper house, with two such men as James D. Phelan and George S. Patton to uphold the dignity of the state. How much the opposition of former Judge Bordwell will cut into Willis H. Booth's already well started campaign for the Republican nomination is problematical but I venture the opinion that if Judge Bordwell expects to make gratifying showing in the primaries he will have to abandon the attitude which he expresses by saying, to quote the Times, "I am the most indifferent candidate you ever saw."

Oblivious Bank Depositor

It is difficult for most of us to understand that state of mind which causes people to make bank deposits and then to be able to forget all about them. But that this frequently happens is shown by the lists of unclaimed deposits which under the law the savings banks must publish periodically. In one of such lists in San Francisco, the other day, appeared the name of Marie Pichon, with the information that \$300 had been lying to her credit for twenty years. Who was Marie Pichon? The savings bank officials had completely forgotten. But the charming identity of Mademoiselle Pichon will be readily recognized by many here as the maiden name of Mrs. Henry T. Oxnard and recalls an interesting morsel of political history on the eve of another contest for the honor and expense of representing California in the United States Senate.

Sweetened the Ante

It is just twelve years ago since Henry T. Oxnard's ambition to add the toga to his other interests in Washington was frustrated, and thereby hangs a curious tale of the game as played in those days. The late Senator Bard was a more or less passive candidate for reelection. Nobody except the editor of the Times seemed particularly keen about him. It was then that Henry Oxnard, the beet-sugar magnate and founder of the prosperous town of his name, announced his candidacy. In those days it was comparatively futile to aspire for such honors without the O. K. of the Southern Pacific, and Oxnard, being a personal friend of E. H. Harriman was supposed to have obtained the necessary endorsement. Oxnard had lived for years in Washington, and there was no question of the power of his personal influence. Frank P. Flint, who had recently retired from the office of United States district attorney, was then sharing the Southern Pacific's law business here with Judge McKinley. Flint undertook the preliminary work of Oxnard's campaign. At Oxnard's expense a thriving Republican club was carpeted and furnished. But in due season Frank Flint became convinced that he could not win the game with Oxnard's hand. And after careful figuring he determined that he held much stronger cards of his own. He took the result of his scrutiny before the then controlling factor of the Republican party and was told to play the game as he thought best, which he proceeded to do, eventually capturing the prize at Sacramento with comparative ease and with that irresistible affability which has always distinguished him. Henry Oxnard took his disappointment like the thoroughbred sportsman he was. Walter Bacon and Lewis W. Andrews succeeded Flint as the sugar man's managers, but could make little headway against Frank Flint's personal popularity and convincing tactics. Flint's campaign was comparatively inexpensive while Oxnard, it was estimated disbursed about \$50,000 in accumulating political experience in California. Six years later, however, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Oxnard were still residents of Washington, and Senator Flint was sighing for California, having had all the experience he wanted of the expense of a career at the capital. Those six years had cost him at least \$100,000 of his personal fortune.

Heney's Had Enough

During a flying visit to his old stumping ground this week Francis J. Heney declared positively that nothing could induce him to make another race for the senatorship. He told the reporters in San Francisco that his entire energies were centered on his law business here and on wiping out the indebtedness he accumulated in

the years he had devoted to championship of the proletariat. It was time, he thought, he began to think of his own interests. Evidently Frank Heney thinks that Hiram Johnson is giving all the lessons in self-sacrifice that California can stand just now. But it will be a surprise to Rudolph Spreckels and those familiar with the records of the Attorney General's office at Washington to know that Heney's patriotism of the past cost Francis J. so much money.

Saves Camping Trip

Everyone in the business world of Los Angeles knows John J. Byrne and the youth of the city are in a fair way of becoming as familiar with the existence of a John J. Byrne, Jr., for the son appears to be a chip of the old block—and not such an old block, either. I am told that it was the younger Byrne, with an exhibition of the family determination, who saved from failure the proposed trip of a youthful Sierra Club, which nearly abandoned a thirty-five day hike because of lack of numbers. Then it was that the Byrne executive ability evinced itself and John J. Jr. through the use of persuasive tactics on the telephone added the required number of recruits to the party, which is at present in camp at Moraine Lake in the High Sierras. Dr. A. R. Dickson has professional supervision of the young climbers. The following lads from the Harvard Military and the local high schools compose the party: Gwynne Allen, son of the Carroll Allens; Horace Andrews, Marshall Barry, Constant Bilicke, son of Mrs. A. C. Bilicke; Andrew Brown, Allan Burton, John J. Byrne, Jr., son of the John J. Byrne; Thomas Cook; John Crutcher, son of the Albert Crutchers; Jack Hellman, son of the Maurice Hellmans; Fulmer Hines, Stephens Kerckhoff, son of the Herman Kerckhoffs; Francis Haynes Lindsey, son of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lindsey; Morris Milbank, son of the Isaac Milbanks; David McDonald; Gardner Roberts, son of the Wesley Roberts; Charles Stern, Stanley Snyder, Kendall Thurston and Charles Wellborn, son of the Charles Wellborns.

New Plan in Superior Court

My sympathies long have been with the harrassed judges of the Los Angeles superior court, as litigation has piled up with such speed that the legal facilities for handling it could not be increased to keep pace, but in common with other laymen I have occasionally wondered why the twin fetishes of the day, efficiency and system, were not given more of a trial up at Temple and New High streets. True, for several years there have been a few courts devoted to special classes of cases, as Department 2 for probate matters, presided over for many years by Judge Rives, one department for divorces, three for jury cases, two for criminal trials and one for juvenile and lunacy. Now the scheme of segregation is to be followed to an even greater extent, under a plan which was adopted Tuesday by the assembled judiciary and to be put into effect October 1. For instance, instead of eight departments, as well as assign cases. Judge Rives, of course, is to continue to care for probate matters in Department 2, Judge Reeve, juvenile and lunacy in Department 8, Judge Myers in Department 11, Judge Monroe in Department 14 and Judge Wilbur in Department 14 will still handle jury cases, Judge Wood in Department 13—a "jinx" and appropriate number—divorces, and Judge Willis in Department 17 and Judge Craig in Department 18, criminal trials. Assignments under the new order will be: Department 1, Judge York, land title registrations under the Torrens Law; Department 3, Judge Finlayson, justice court appeals; Department 4, Judge Works, justice court appeals; Department 5, Judge Wellborn, mechanics' liens and red-light abatement cases; Department 6, Judge Shenk, mortgage foreclosures and quiet title cases; Department 7, Judge Taft, unlawful detainer cases; Department 9, Judge Hewitt, all of cases arising under local improvement laws; Department 12, Judge McCormick, stockholders' liability cases. Other cases, not classified, will be assigned as at present.

Indiana's Persuasive Invitation Book

Indiana is to have a monster birthday party this year and former Hoosiers in all parts of the country are receiving little booklet invitations addressed to "You and your Folks from Jim and Some More of the Home Folks." It almost made me feel like joining the prospective party to read Abe Martin's characteristic view of the affair: "Hear Ye! Hear Ye!" says Abe, "Indiana is a hundred years ole this year an' th' anniversary'll be celebrated in ever' county in th' State. T' all her sons an' daughters now scattered over th' United States ole Brown County extends a warm invitation t' return an' see th' changes. If you're married an' livin' in Iowa, or doin' well in Youngstown, Ohio; if you're hangin' on in New York, or livin' in Minnesota; if you're workin' in a automobile factory in Detroit, or stayin' in Kansas; if you're teachin' school in the Philippines, or solicitin' fer a vacuum cleaner in Illinois; if you're jest doin' fine in Texas, or on th' hummer in Oregon; if you're high up in th' councils o' th' nation, or a rear admiral on a busy bee coffee urn—no matter where you are or what you're doin' come home fer a visit. Come home an' see all th' new cement work, th' new verandas, th' railroad at Helmsburg an' th' sideburns of your early playmates, th' reclaimed table lands an' perpendicular apple farms. Hotel an' nickle the-ater accommodations fer all." This persuasive invitation booklet, compiled for the Indiana Historical Commission by George Ade, also has letters to all wandering Indians from James Whitcomb Riley, Governor Samuel Ralston, Vice-President Marshall, Charles W. Fairbanks, Booth Tarkington, Gene Stratton Porter, I. P. Dunn, Meredith Nicholson, Elizabeth Miller, William Dudley Foulke, W. S. Blatchley, Juliet Strauss, more

widely known as "The Country Contributor," Max Ehrman, George Lockwood and George Ade. It is the work of Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis and is an attractive brochure to other folk than the "immediate family." A hundred years of statehood is worth making a fuss over. There are so many Hoosiers in California it almost seems like our party, too.

By Way of Suggestion

Hostilities between the Earl papers and the Hearst-Scripps-Spreckels allies having reached a point of seeming exhaustion, this may be the psychological moment for mediation. In the hope that the dove of peace is fluttering expectantly somewhere close to the "bluddy" battle ground, the field strewn with the wrecks of forty-two centimeter headlines and the quivering remains of the King's English, we shall endeavor to sprinkle a dash of salt on the bird's tail. Events preceding the ultimatum from the Earl camp and the resultant clash of ink pots are recounted briefly: Being well—if not overly—persuaded, Editor Earl did set his name to a document pledging himself to deliver upon demand five thousand good dollars as a contribution to the guarantee fund of the San Diego Exposition, divers other editors, and otherwise magnates, having in similar fashion agreed to promote the public weal. Wherefore, it would appear to be the duty, if not the pleasure, of said Earl, to divest himself of said five thousand "bucks," in the manner aforesaid, upon proper demand. Not so, however. At least, not yet. Comes an afterthought, alas, too late, possibly, to avert a law suit over a mere scrap of paper. But it is never too late to make a stand for lofty ideals—and five thousand "bucks." Editor Earl issues a pronouncement, to-wit—exhibiting considerable wit, in fact, for that \$5,000 seemed as good as lost—that he repudiates, disavows and refuses to be bound by said alleged obligation, for these reasons: (1) the Exposition is in San Diego; (2) San Diego county, containing San Diego city, adjoins Mexico; (3) San Diego city and county refuse to suppress the Tia Juana race track which flourisheth in Mexico. True, Tia Juana race track antedates the Earl subscription, and said qualifications and conditions were not a part of the agreement. But what truly good editor would suspect that so many misguided persons would prefer to buy newspapers containing race track news?

"Welcher" scream the Hearst-Scripps-Spreckels allies.

"Gamblers and touts," shriek the Earl organs.

Just when the carnage is at its height, comes a statement of terms upon which peace is possible. If the Hearst-Scripps-Spreckels newspapers will cease printing news of Tia Juana races, Mr. Earl will "renew" his subscription. The exact legal value of such "renewal" is not stated. Perhaps Mr. Earl did not expect his challenge to be accepted. It has been ignored, in fact. Yet there is hope. The gathering war clouds on the border involve a distinct possibility of interruption to the frolicking of the ponies, as effective as were the floods of last winter. And with Tia Juana closed, there would be no Tia Juana race news to print in the ally newspapers. This would accord with the terms of Editor Earl's latest proposition, and he would, of course, "renew" his \$5,000 subscription. He is eager to do so. However, in view of the uncertainties of the situation, and in a spirit of mediation, The Graphic offers this suggestion: It being the principle of the thing, and not the money, which Editor Earl holds at stake, failing the success of his latest proposal, he may consider himself free to donate the \$5,000 to a deserving charity. Now don't all speak at once. Give the man a chance. Why not a fund for underpaid and overworked newspaper men? This should appeal with peculiar force to the gentleman's benevolent disposition. As a straight business proposition however, Editor Earl might find it worth while not only to "renew" his subscription, but to multiply it on condition that his rivals abolish their sporting pages altogether.

Harry Pieper Will Be Missed

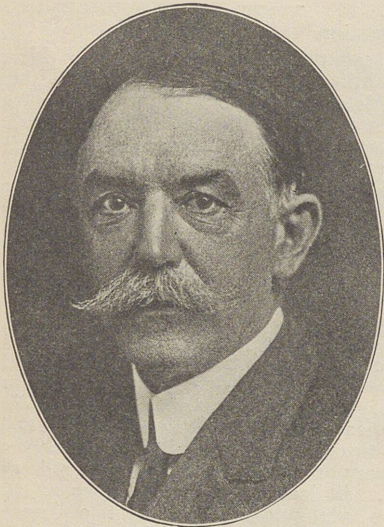
"Most cheerful business man in Los Angeles." Such was the expression used in referring to Harry Pieper and certainly never was inofficial title more deserved than was this one, which so characteristically described the big hearted, handsome man, news of whose untimely death came as a shock early this week. Harry Pieper was, perhaps, the best known inofficial citizen in the business community, as he was certainly one of the most congenial. He was assistant to the general manager of the Southern California Edison Company, but it was as president, at times in the past, of the Ad Club and the Jovian League, and as director in the Rotary Club and many other organizations that he chiefly impressed himself upon the life of his city, for as "his city" he regarded Los Angeles from the time he arrived here twelve years ago. At the Jonathan Club, Harry Pieper was ever in demand and in scores of other places will his genial personality be truly missed. Just as showing how many different semi-public organizations sought to honor his memory I append a list of the men who carried the remains of this well-beloved fellow to his final resting place: Allen T. Morphy, Southern California Edison Company; Harold Janss, president of the Ad Club; James L. Irwin, Knights of Columbus; William G. Salter, exalted ruler of the Elks; K. E. Van Kuran, Jovian League, and A. W. Childs, Los Angeles Athletic Club.

Cause For Feminine Anxiety

Alas! I am informed by a distressed feminine friend that the price of dress patterns has gone up! The wave of rising cost in these unprecedented war times has sent these necessary guides to domestic economy soaring skyward along with other household articles more or less indispensable to the family well-being. It may be that the increasing cost of paper and the return of voluminous skirts have necessitated this apparently trivial, but important change. Howe'er it be, there is a sound of dissatisfaction being heard throughout the land, especially from the young housewives, at this increased burden.

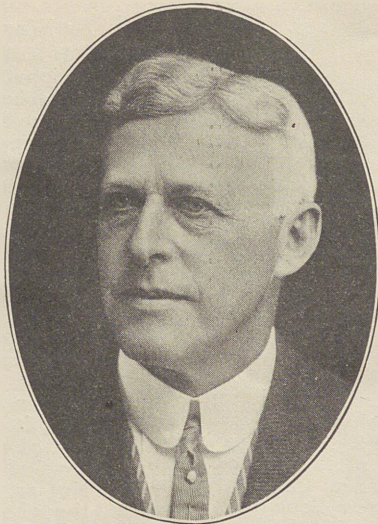


Prominent Attorneys of Los Angeles



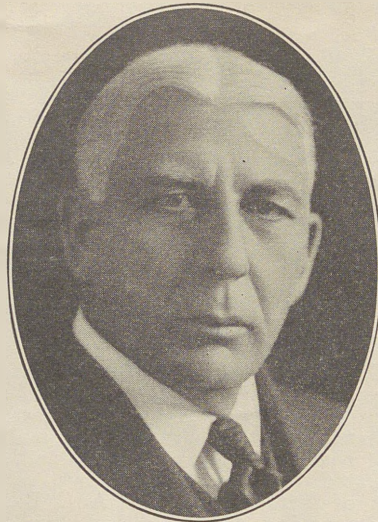
JAMES ALEXANDER GIBSON

JUDGE GIBSON, who is senior member of the firm of Gibson, Dunn and Crutcher, has been an active member of the California bar since 1879, and in that period has become recognized as one of the substantial members of his profession. After admission to the bar Mr. Gibson practiced in San Bernardino and was elected Superior Judge there in 1884, resigning that office to accept appointment in 1889 as Commissioner of the Supreme Court, which office he held until 1891. He has also been identified with many prominent water and irrigation projects, as a result of which his practice has largely to do with land, water and mining litigation. He was one of the organizers of the Bear Valley Land and Water Company, which built the Bear Valley dam and irrigation system. Judge Gibson has been associated with his present firm and its predecessors since he came to Los Angeles in June of 1897. He is a former president of the local bar association and former vice-president of the American Bar Association.



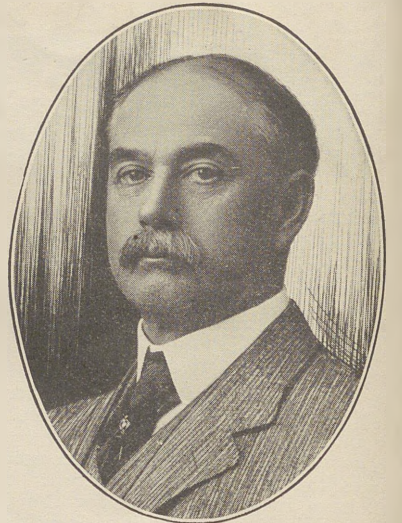
FRANK FREDERICK OSTER

BEFORE moving from San Bernardino to Los Angeles Judge Oster had already become known to the local public by the frequency with which he held court here for Los Angeles judges. He was admitted to the bar in his native Wisconsin in 1885 and moved to California the following year, establishing his offices in Colton where he served as City Clerk and City Attorney. He became associated with W. J. Curtis under the firm name of Curtis and Oster of San Bernardino from 1891 to 1896. He was elected District Attorney of San Bernardino county, Superior Judge in 1896, and was re-elected in 1902 and 1908 without opposition. Judge Oster removed to Los Angeles recently and is engaged alone in practice here. Even while still living in San Bernardino Judge Oster was a popular member of several Los Angeles clubs and had a wide acquaintance here. He is a member of Masonic fraternities and an Elk.



DAN W. SIMMS

IT is seldom that an attorney who has resided so short a time in a community as has Dan W. Simms in Los Angeles is able to take such a high place in the legal fraternity in his new home. But then, it is seldom that a lawyer comes to a new home with as high recommendations as did Mr. Simms when he came here in 1916 and engaged in practice as senior member of the firm of Simms and Fulwider. For twenty-five years Mr. Simms practiced before the bar in Indiana—his former home was in Lafayette. For fifteen years he was general attorney of the Wabash Railroad Company and for ten years general counsel of the Lafayette Life Insurance Company and for ten years general counsel and with a pleasing personality that immediately attracts friends, it is little wonder that Mr. Simms has assumed so prominent a place in his profession in Los Angeles in so short a time.



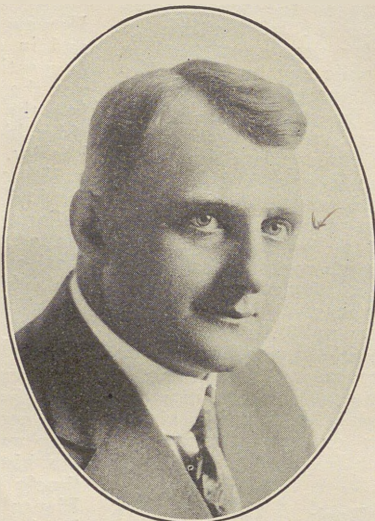
BRADNER WELLS LEE

THERE are so many things that might be said of Mr. Lee, and so many memberships held by him now and in the past in various organizations, clubs and public trusts that only scant reference may be made here. Mr. Lee is of Revolutionary stock, and is a native of New York state. His education was received in the public schools and by private tuition. He studied law in the office of his uncle, Col. G. Wiley Wells at Holly Springs, Miss. After serving in many public legal capacities in Mississippi he came to Los Angeles in 1879 where he has been engaged in legal practice to this date, in which time he has been associated with many of the most successful members of the bar. He is now practicing with his sons, Bradner Wells Lee, Jr., and Kenyon Farrar Lee. He is a member of leading clubs and director in many corporations. In the Masonic fraternity he has taken an especially active interest. Mr. Lee is the owner of the Col. G. Wiley Wells law library of 6000 volumes. He has been admitted to practice in all the courts of the state and in the supreme court of the United States.



JOHN MUNRO

JOHN MUNRO is one of those earnest, clean-cut, energetic Canadians that the dominion has given the United States, and particularly California in compensation for the thousands of "Americans" who have emigrated to the northern country. A graduate of many schools in Canada, including the high school of Alexandria, Ottawa Collegiate Institute, Queen's University, Kingston, and Manitoba University, John Munro came to Los Angeles in 1907 to engage in the practice of the law and quickly made for himself an enviable place among the promising young men of his profession. For a time he was associated with the firm of Harris & Harris, later with Gen. Johnstone Jones and in 1908 became the senior in the law firm of Munro & Robertson. Mr. Munro has been particularly active in mining law. He was secretary of the Princess Gold Mining Company in 1908 and 1909 and from 1911 to the present date has been attorney for the New La Paz Gold Mining Company. It is Mr. Munro's ambition to achieve a seat upon the superior court bench, a position for which he expects to make an active campaign this year.



JOHN CHESTER STICK

ONE of the leading young attorneys of Los Angeles today is John C. Stick, who was admitted to the bar of California in 1908 and at once began the practice of his profession in Los Angeles, where he has met with much deserved success. He is attorney for a number of prominent corporations and business firms and makes a specialty of corporation and probate law. Mr. Stick started his business career as a school teacher, following this line of occupation while he pursued his legal studies. In this manner he not only made his way to the goal of his desire, but also garnered much valuable information about human nature by the way. A native of Pennsylvania, Mr. Stick was born in Hanover, January 29, 1883. He received his early education in the public schools, the Glenville, Pa., Academy, and St. John's College, at Annapolis, Md., where he was graduated in the class of 1904 with the degree of A. B. He then taught school in New York and Pennsylvania in 1904, 1905 and 1906, after which he came to California. In politics Mr. Stick is a Republican, is taking a keen interest in local affairs and stands high in party confidence.



EDWARD G. KUSTER

IN the generation of Los Angeles lawyers young in years, but old in experience, Edward G. Kuster holds prominent place in the circle of his profession. He was born in Indiana, in 1878, coming to Los Angeles when a child and receiving his early education in the public schools. Later he attended the Hohere Burger Schule in Berlin, Germany, afterwards returning to Los Angeles. He was graduated from Los Angeles High School and later from the University of California, whose degree he gained in 1900. Mr. Kuster was admitted to the bar in 1902 and began practice with the firm of Graves, O'Melveny & Shankland, with whom he remained until the dissolution of the firm, afterwards being with H. W. O'Melveny. From 1908 until 1910 he was associated with Joseph P. Loeb and Edwin J. Loeb under the firm name of Kuster, Loeb & Loeb. Since 1910 Mr. Kuster has been engaged alone in the practice of his profession, having maintained his offices for several years in the Van Nuys Building, where he is now located.



ARTHUR J. ABBOTT

ARTHUR J. ABBOTT was born in Clayton, Michigan. He was graduated from the high school at Ann Arbor, Michigan, in 1904, from the literary department of University of Michigan in 1909, and from the law department of same institution with degree of Doctor of Law in 1911. He served as associate editor of the Michigan Law Review, 1910-'11. Mr. Abbott began the practice of law in New York City in 1911. He moved to Los Angeles, and has practiced in this city continuously since 1912, being a member of the firm of Abbott & Pearce. He was appointed as professorial lecturer on pleading in the School of Law of Southwestern University in 1914, and January 1, 1916, Dean of that school, where in a short time he has made an enviable record. He is the editor of "Southwestern Law Review," which is published by the School of Law, and is a member of Sierra Madre Club, City Club and of several national fraternities.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

MUSICIANS who attended the convention of the State Music Teachers' Association at San Diego, report an enjoyable meeting musically and socially, though one without a large attendance of persons from outside San Diego. The participants on the programs, so far as Los Angeles was concerned, were mentioned in this department of The Graphic last week. The banquet Friday night was an enjoyable affair, one of the most witty speeches being made by William Shakespeare, whom Los Angeles can claim, for the summer at least, as a resident. The plan is brewing to reunite the Los Angeles local association with the state association, the former having seceded from the latter about two years ago. The local association has a debt on its shoulders, created by a former board of directors. This debt has been largely reduced by donations and by the application of such surplus in the treasury as was left after paying the running expenses. Now the state association, which practically is the San Francisco and Oakland associations, says "We Love You (Southern) California," and will be delighted to receive you into the fold again—on payment of half of your dues to us. Inasmuch as the remaining half of the dues will not pay the necessary expenses of the local association, it remains to be seen whether it has learned anything by its financial experiments and experience of a few years ago. The matter probably will not be settled until next fall, when it will be voted on by both associations.

After twelve years at the head of the musical department of Pomona College, at Claremont, Fred A. Bacon, formerly known as one of Los Angeles most progressive and energetic musicians, has been placed on the retired list and after next year will resume his teaching in Los Angeles. Mr. Bacon built up the musical department of Pomona College to an enviable place among western musical institutions. He obtained an unusually complete musical equipment for the institution, largely from Mr. and Mrs. Bridges, who gave the institution a \$100,000 music hall, a fine pipe organ and a dozen or more pianos. Also he served his town as mayor. I have known Mr. Bacon's work intimately for more than thirty years and know that Pomona College has had the services of a rarely capable man. His choral society there has put on a number of the standard oratorios with orchestras and soloists from Los Angeles, and he has had specialists like William Shakespeare and Edwin Lemare for special teaching and recitals.

Melba opened the musical season in Los Angeles last year. The prospects are that the season of 1916-17 may be opened by no less an artist than Paderewski. With the prosperity that seems in view for next year, it is probable that the Shrine auditorium will be necessary to seat the audience that the distinguished Polish pianist will draw. His coming reminds me of his stay at the Del Monte hotel a year or more ago. A Los Angeles family arrived during Paderewski's sojourn at the hotel and after the first day, the head of the family demanded of the clerk that whoever it was who was making such a racket on the piano be ejected from the house. But when he was informed who the racket-maker was, he decided to make no more objections but to stay and enjoy "the exquisite music"—at least so the story goes, and it wouldn't do to spoil a hotel clerk's story.

When Mme. de Cisneros goes into vaudeville she proposes to do as Romans do. In other words, when she leaves the serious musical stage and sings for the "peepul," she tries to take over the lighter atmosphere of vaudeville and enwrap her own musical numbers in it. She has a deep and broad, rich voice and sings with great beauty of tone. Her selection from the little known opera of Donizetti, "Lucrezia Borgia," was a rare treat at the Orpheum last week. Then she drifted off into Tosti's "Good Bye," a simple song having a moderate depth of feeling but which she sang with the exaggerated

mannerisms of opera. I don't know how it is in the east but out here a singer or instrumental player coming from the "legitimate" concert or operatic stage, does not have to play or sing or play "down" to the audience. The Orpheum draws the best class of people, because it is entertaining, clean and in many cases, artistic. And the musical artist who thinks he has to choose light or frothy things or has to adopt skittish ways or exaggerated mannerisms in order to please, is far from making a correct estimate of his audience.

In its annual election, the Lyric Club has chosen a long list of officers for the coming season, headed by Mrs. J. I. Moyse, as president, who held the same office last year. The other officers are as follows: Mrs. Ella B. Hanna, vice-president; Mrs. J. W. Eccleston, secretary; Mrs. Robert Granger, financial secretary; Mrs. C. A. Post, treasurer; Mrs. Frank Collier and Mrs. Oscar Trippet, librarians; Frieda Peycke, Willy Smyser, Mrs. W. R. Tanner and Mrs. Waldo W. Scott, directors. The following committees have been appointed: Music, Mrs. C. H. Cunningham, chairman; Mrs. Frank Bryson and Mrs. Ella H. Winter; Voice, Carolyn Maude Gilbert, chairman; Mrs. W. V. Goodfellow and Mrs. Russell G. Hyatt; rinting, Mrs. Laird J. Stabler, chairman; Mrs. S. S. Ingram and Rose Mulholland. J. B. Poulin will continue to wave the baton over the hundred feminine singers in this club.

For the ensuing year the Dominant Club has elected the following officers: Mrs. Charles G. Stivers, president; Mrs. Bertha Winslow-Vaughn, vice-president; Kie Julie Christin, secretary; Mrs. Jesse Philip McKnight, financial secretary; Gertrude Cohn, treasurer; Fannie Dillon, Mrs. M. Hennion Robinson and Mrs. J. G. Ogilvie, membership committee; Mrs.

Robert Wankowski, social committee, and Jessie Weimar, Mrs. Henley Bussing and Mrs. Carlotta Comer-Wagner, program committee. The Dominant Club limits its membership to professional women musicians and to a fixed number of these, so membership in the club is highly prized. Its programs are always of the best class of music and by recognized professionals. Its meetings are held at the Ebell club house.

As an echo of the National Grand Opera company season of more than a year ago comes a suit filed against John Cort by Messrs. Marchetti and Lopezich. The allegation is that the company had a contract with Cort for the appearance of the National company in the Cort theater at San Francisco. The company was to hold that house for three weeks; but when the time came, it is alleged, the agreement was not kept and it was obliged to seek a stage elsewhere, at a loss of \$25,000. The latter figure was based on the profits in Los Angeles which are alleged to have been \$5,000 a week. To this are added the transportation expenses. Opera management is beset with many pitfalls and especially on the Pacific coast, where the attendance is a factor that can not be prognosticated. Considerable money was lost on the National Opera company and if its allegations are proved there will be some reimbursement by Mr. Cort. Probably the suit will drag along for years.

Mrs. Edith L. Clark, pianist, and Lillian Handley, vocalist, presented a program through their pupils, at Symphony hall in the Blanchard building last night.

At its July dinner the Gamut Club had a trio of prima donnas—Mmes. Cisneros and Aldrich and Claudia Albright. The first sang the "Star Spangled Banner," the second, "The Cry of Rachel," and the last an aria from "Samson and Delilah, all to the great enjoyment of the club and guests. Mrs. M. Haven Corbett read a poem by Ben Field, "Joan of Arc," and Clarence McGehee again illustrated the songs of the Japanese mendicants. Clara Alexander gave several darkey dialect songs inimitably, and as a final and unexpected musical treat Mrs. Aldrich and Desedir Vecsei presented, unrehearsed and without music, several Bohemian songs they both knew.

Speakers were Seward Simons, John Marquardt, violinist, formerly of Cleveland, O., and C. F. Lummis. Altogether, the program at this dinner was one of the most enjoyable of the season.

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Cheaters

By Robert O. Foote

THEATER-GOERS of Los Angeles this week have had the opportunity of viewing but one new attraction, and that a vaudeville program, so great has been the success of the three Morosco offerings which are continuing their runs in three different houses, but those in search of the new have been well compensated by the unusual excellence of the current bill at the Orpheum, which is as judicious and pleasing a mixture of the varieties as has come our way for several months. It is one of those rare bills in the description of which one justifiably starts where the program does. This is not particularly in reference to the always excellent orchestra program but to the acrobatic act of the Gladiators, two strong, beautifully built men who present quite the most novel turn of its sort ever devised, performed with a smoothness that is in delightful contrast to the muscle-demonstrations of most of their kind. Perhaps the weakest turn of the program follows—that of Madga March who essays to choke down vaudeville audience throats something long ago become unpalatable, elocution. True, she calls it "impressions" of famous artists of the stage. Claudia Albright and Mario Rodolfi really have too fine voices to need to confine their repertoire to the sugar-coated, sentimental old opera airs which the famous little dog's master's voice made more widely popular than ever they became in their original settings. The singers present one of the two most popular numbers of the bill, the second being that of Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin, which immediately follows. True the latter is a hold-over but goes even stronger in its second week than in the first. It is decidedly the "1916 songology" it is called. Wilfred Clarke sketch "Who Owns the Flat?" is far from young but it still has sure-fire laughter possibilities which time cannot mar for those person who finds hints of marital infidelity particularly humorous. Grace La Rue varies her song program from that she gave last week, not especially to its improvement, but she possesses personality enough to put anything over, even "The Cry of Rachel," which hardly seems fitted to her manner. Nat M. Wills is presumably the big light of the bill, since his is the name in the biggest type outside the theater, but he does not arouse the hilarious enthusiasm which has greeted him in other years. However, the reception given Nat, his old tramp make-up and his occasional new jokes, would have been termed an ovation had it been received by any other tramp comedian. The classical dances by the charming girl pupils of Anita Peters Wright continue to please.

Offerings on the Screen

"God's Country—and the Woman!" The title sounds like melodrama and good old melodrama the photoplay is, but it is far more than that, it is one of the finest productions of a film story of the great northland, where life is lived in the raw, that has ever been made. With the lavish help of nature—the bountiful, versatile nature of Southern California—this yarn of Canada and the northwoods was given a most realistic production right at our own Bear Lake and never has a more perfect picture, photographically, been shown than this one which is crowding the Superba this week. It has its faults; what photoplay is without them? But the faults are quickly forgotten in the breath of outdoors which comes to the spectator watching the struggles of talented Nell Shipman to save the honor of her film mother. Miss Shipman, in addition to having the lead, is the author of the scenario, but most of us will agree that she is entitled to more credit for her acting than for the plot. When all is said, it is the director who has the real lead in "God's Country—and the Woman."

Blanche Sweet is always in trouble in a photoplay. So many times has she been nearly betrayed that one wonders her face can retain its youthful freshness through these multitudinous troubles, and many is the photoplay spectator, probably, who wishes he might see this talented actress in a story of logical happiness. But it must be con-

ceded that Miss Sweet makes her roles convincing and charming, coming through the fire each time to a "lived-happily-ever-after" finish. In "The Dupe" at the Woodley this week she has a vehicle of the usual type, but one for which it must be said that the action does not lag at any stage and that the picture is admirably directed. The star infuses much pathos into the character of a social secretary who is used as a cat's-paw by her mistress. She has excellent support from Thomas Meighan, her gallant lover.

It has long been rumored that Charlie Chaplin was anxious to put his work on



Maude Fulton in "The Brat"

a little higher plane. He seems to be endeavoring to do this in "The Vagabond," which is showing at the Garrick and opinions will differ widely as to the wisdom of this departure. Apparently the public likes the new Chaplin method, in which he shows himself, at intervals, in a serious mood and even adds several touches of pathos, something he has hinted at in a few other of his more recent offerings. It must be questioned whether he has achieved a really artistic blending of farce and drama, but for the most part "The Vagabond" is a rattling good photoplay, aside from the international interest in Mr. Chaplin's feet, which are not allowed to forget their chief function of entertaining the millions.

There have been many second Mary Pickfords and the latest of them is June Caprice, who has been shown this week at Miller's in "Caprice of the Mountains." While June may never become the rival of the incomparable Mary, still, from her performance in this version of "Cinderella," it seems hardly

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Farewell to Oliver Morosco's Elaborate "Canary Cottage"
Comedy with Music and Girls
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Special Limited Return Engagement
Oliver Morosco Offers Maude "THE BRAT"
Fulton's Great Comedy
Then on to Chicago.
Maude Fulton and a Splendid Morosco Cast.
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Beginning Tomorrow Mat., Oliver Morosco offers for the first time on any stage

"SERVANT-MASTER-LOVER"

A new comedy by J. H. Lawson.

Usual Morosco Prices: 10 to 75c; Mats. Sun. and Thurs., 10 to 50c.

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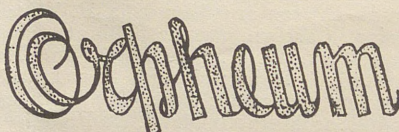
Matinees Today and Sunday. Tonight and Sunday Last Times

MAUDE FULTON'S SUCCESSFUL COMEDY "MARY"

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GEORGE MacFARLANE, Baritone; CLARK & HAMILTON, "A Wayward Conceit;" HARRY TIGHE & SYLVIA JASEN, Comedian and Ingenue; LIBONITA, Ragtime Xylophonist; ALBRIGHT & RODOLFI, Operatic Singers; THE GLADIATORS, Strength and Motion; WILFRED CLARKE & CO., "Who Owns the Flat?"
NAT M. WILLS, The Happy Tramp.

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Count De Cippicco offers the sensation of two continents
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SEE The giant baboon in a terrific struggle in mid-air.
The Tremendous Spectacle of Circus Life.

Special Summer prices, 25c and 50c. Reserved seats now selling.

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SECOND WEEK BEGINS MONDAY, JULY 17

"God's Country—and the Woman"

The Biggest and Most Vital Film Drama We Have Ever Shown.

WOODLEY THEATER

Shows Begin

11, 12:30, 2, 3:30, 5, 6:30, 8, 9:30

ONE WEEK—BEGINNING MONDAY, JULY 17

DUSTIN FARNUM

in "DAVY CROCKETT"



GARRICK

Eighth
and
Broadway

SECOND BIG WEEK—

CHARLIE CHAPLIN in the "VAGABOND"

Miller's Theatre

842 So. Main St.

One Week Beginning Sunday. William Fox Presents the Talented Southern Beauty

Virginia Pearson In a Romantic Drama of "A Tortured Heart"

Her Own Fair Dixieland
Added attractions: "Mutt and Jeff" and Hearst International News Pictorial.

likely that she will sink into the oblivion which is that of certain earlier movie discoveries. She has girlish beauty combined with a directness of method which holds great promise for the future. The drama is, as usually with Fox productions, particularly pleasing for its photography.

New Comedy at Morosco

Another important theatrical event will take place at the Morosco Theater when, beginning Sunday afternoon, Oliver Morosco will present for the first

time on any stage, J. H. Lawson's new comedy entitled, "Servant-Master-Lover." It is the story of an outcast—whimsical Cinderella of the slums—with a touch of Irish roguery and broguery. The first act reveals her, a pathetic figure among the boxes and bales of a huge storage warehouse, where she has been snatching a bit of sleep for want of a better place. Although her name is Cinderella, and her clothes are rags, her ideas about love are, to say the least, startling, and down-to-date. The conventional Fairy Prince is not at all in

her line, and she has a definite idea of the kind of man, or men, who would fit with her original notion of romance. The play tells how her odd little ideal of romance becomes a reality, not in the usual way of the eternal story of a girl's progress from rags and tatters to silks and fluffy things, but by means of an odd and mysterious adventure. "Servant-Master-Lover" will be presented with a typical Morosco cast, and is staged under the personal direction of Robert Milton. The cast includes Mary Servoss, Ida St. Leon, Paul Harvey, Leo Carrillo, Fred Tiden, Howard Scott, Joseph Eggenton, William MacDonald, Harry Duffield, Jack Belgrave, David Butler, Emily Melville, one of the original members of the New York "Peg O' My Heart" Company, and Herschall Mayall, the well known artist.

"C. O. D." at Burbank

Beginning Monday evening the Burbank Stock Company will be seen in Frederic Chapin's screamingly funny farce, "C. O. D." This play is pure farce from the first curtain to the last, a combination of peculiar incidents that would make the most pessimistic person laugh. The piece concerns the amusing adventures and entanglements of three couples, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Drudge, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Darlington, and Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Dusenberry. They are summering in the Catskill mountains, and what happens to them in the four acts of the play provides a vacation from the world of care for the capacity audiences that are bound to patronize the Burbank with this ideal summer show in view. Edith Lyle, the Burbank's talented leading woman, Harry Hollingsworth, Douglas MacLean, Frank Darien, Winifred Bryson, John Burton, Warner L. Baxter, Ralph Bell, Dora Mac Howe, Vera Lewis, Nan Carter, Elsie Lorrimer, Bessie Tannehill, George MacDaniel, Herbert Farjeon, and others are in the large cast, and the production is staged under the personal direction of Fred J. Butler. Today and Sunday are the last four performances of "Mary," Maude Fulton's delightful comedy at the Burbank Theater. Matinees will be given today and tomorrow at 2:15.

"Brat" Will Return

Beginning Monday night, "The Brat" will open a special limited return engagement at the Mason Opera House. The comedy is on its way to Chicago, and Oliver Morosco has arranged to have the big success play a special engagement on its way east. With Maude Fulton, its famous little author, Edmund Lowe, Wyndham Standing, James Corrigan, Lillian Elliott, A. Burt Wesner, and other favorites, "The Brat" played for nine weeks at the Morosco Theater, and only terminated its run at that house because Mr. Morosco had agreed to furnish the Cort Theater in San Francisco with a short run of the piece before he sent it to Chicago and New York. In San Francisco "The Brat" packed the big Cort at every performance, but as its Chicago premiere must be considered, Mr. Morosco was forced to discontinue its run in San Francisco and start it on its journey eastward, but he did find a way, however, to show his great loyalty to Los Angeles by arranging for a brief return engagement at the Mason. Tonight is goodbye evening for Oliver Morosco's brilliant comedy with music, "Canary Cottage." This big fun show goes to San Francisco and from there to Chicago.

Many Headliners For Orpheum

Two new topliners come to the Orpheum next week and there are two of this week's stars to hold over. All in all, it will be an assemblage of talent impossible except on an Orpheum summer bill. The places of honor will go to George MacFarlane, the American baritone, and to Clark and Hamilton, the clever comedian and his foil, in "A Wayward Conceit." Mr. MacFarlane has a high baritone voice of decided range and appeal. He has lately made a big hit in the all-star Gilbert & Sullivan opera tours, and he brings to vaudeville the best of his great repertoire. In the past, Clark and Hamilton have come all too infrequently; now the couple return, reunited and rejuvenated, after a parting of their ways while in musical comedy. Clark is a bright and catchy comedian, and his partner not only has the personality to set him off, but the gowns to show her own pretty self to best advantage. Another team on the new list will be Harry Tighe and Sylvia Jasen. Harry is the "you all know him" comedian, rotund and unctuous. Libonita is that unusual genius, a ragtime xylophonist; he eschews "William Tell" but has developed a wonderful line of ragtime music on this instrument that quite restores it to pub-

lic favor. Nat M. Wills is to remain over with a new bunch of merry wheezes, and as will also Wilfred Clarke, with his company, in their farce, "Who Owns the Flat?" Miss Claudia Albright and Manual Rodolfi are to stay another week, with new musical and operatic selections, and The Gladiators, the best of strong men acts, will again be seen. The orchestral concerts and the Pathe news views will be added attractions.

Sensational Film for Majestic

Beginning tonight the sensational photodrama of two continents, "The Masque of Life," will be presented by Count De Cippico for the first time in California at the Majestic Theater. "The Masque of Life" was first shown in the famous Alhambra Music Hall in London, where it played to enormous returns and was declared to be the greatest Italian photoplay ever produced, and the equal of any film ever seen in London. A brilliant cast takes part in the large spectacle. The story of "The Masque of Life" concerns the adventures of a prince who becomes infatuated with a circus queen and marries her, only to desert her



Ida St. Leon at the Morosco

later to marry into royalty. The giant baboon that plays an important part in the picture is said to be the most wonderful animal of his kind in captivity, and his fight with a human being on a chimney stack hundreds of feet above the earth thrills the spectators again and again. "The Masque of Life" will be presented at the Majestic at special summer prices, and two performances daily will be given after the premiere of the spectacle this evening.

"Davy Crockett" at Woodley's

Dustin Farnum shows his love for the out-of-doors in his latest Pallas-Paramount screen story "Davy Crockett," which is to be shown at the Woodley theater next week. His proficiency with the paddle, the rifle, and his knowledge of the gentle art of riding a spirited horse all stand him in good stead in the vigorous action of this frontier story of the youth of "Davy Crockett." The screen-story is filled with action scenes of pioneer life from the capture of a big bear to the rescue single handed by Crockett of two people lost in a blizzard in the mountains and an all night struggle in a neglected cabin against hungry wolves.

Film Story of Dixieland

Virginia Pearson, the talented Fox star, begins a week's engagement at Miller's Theater Sunday in a charming photoplay of Dixieland, "A Tortured Heart." Miss Pearson plays the heroine with especial feeling as she loves Dixie so well the role particularly appeals to her. "A Tortured Heart" is a romantic story, produced with the infinite care and wealth of detail that are characteristic of Fox pictures. As the scoundrel of the story is cast Stuart Holmes, the most successful villain of filmland. There are many other popular players in this picture including Stephen Grattan,

Frances Miller, Glenn White, George Larkin and Marian Swayne. The production was staged in and around Atlanta. Funny capers by "Mutt and Jeff" and a new Hearst International News Pictorial will complete the program.

Second Week for Chaplin Film

That Charlie Chaplin's latest Mutual release, "The Vagabond," would be continued for at least a second week at the Garrick Theater seemed so certain that the formal announcement from Manager Seth D. Perkins is almost superfluous. "The Vagabond" is attracting as large audiences to this popular Broadway house as did the two previous Chaplin-Mutual pictures and promises to be a success for several weeks to come. A strong photodrama will be shown in connection with the Chaplin film.

Photoplay Will Continue

Since "God's Country and the Woman" opened at the Superba last Monday, there has not been a day that hundreds of persons have not been turned away. With such a record—and this photoplay holds the house record, by the way—it is inevitable that this film drama should be held over, contrary as that action is to Superba policy. However, clamoring throngs have made it imperative, and the second and positively last week of this film will open at the Superba Monday morning at 11 o'clock, with performances every odd hour after that, day and evening. In many ways, no picture ever shown at the Superba has had quite the appeal that this one has. The story is especially strong, and those who go to be thrilled need have no fear of failing to get their fill, while those who are interested in scenery will never see better "snow stuff" than was taken by this company in Bear Valley last winter during the big blizzard there, when all risked their lives to make the picture drama.

Drama League Headquarters Re-located
Headquarters of the Drama League of America, which have been maintained at the Booklovers' Exchange in charge of Mrs. Sarah M. Johnson, the librarian, have been moved from 314 Laughlin building to cheery new quarters in the Brack Shops, where the Booklovers' Exchange also has been transferred. Mrs.

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THERE is a treat in store for you. The exhibition skaters from "Castles in the Air," New York, will appear (by special arrangement with the Supper Club) in the Ice Palace of the Hotel Alexandria daily from 4:00 to 6:00 p. m. during the serving of Afternoon Tea.

The cooling breezes from off the frozen lake make the taking of afternoon tea especially enjoyable these warm summer days.

Johnson, who is one of the active members of the Drama League, has on hand there the current literature pertaining to the League, as well as the latest fiction.

"Look, ma, that man's got a black eye!"

"S-sh-sh. He might hear you!"

"Doesn't he know about it?"—Life.

Edith: Haven't you and Jack been engaged long enough to get married?

Ethel: Too long! He hasn't got a cent left.—Boston Transcript.

He—What! a glass of milk and a piece of toast is all I get for my lunch?

She—You know that the doctor has put me on a diet.

He—Yes; but that doesn't mean me.

She—Do you mean to say you would have the heart to eat a meal while I'm on a diet?—Judge.

Social & Personal

By Ruth Burke Stephens

AMONG recent affairs one of the most attractively appointed was the luncheon given by Mrs. Isaac Burkett Newton of 365 Loma Drive, in honor of her daughter, Mrs. P. G. Cottle, who has returned to Los Angeles to make her home, after having resided in the east for several years following her marriage. The decorations were particularly artistic, Prima Donna roses, delphinium in tones of palest blue, and feathery gypsophila being combined in the arrangement of the table. Places were marked for Mrs. Cottle, Mrs. Henry O'Melveny, Mrs. Jefferson Chandler, Mrs. Leo Chandler, Mrs. Walter Comstock, Mrs. Samuel Haskins, Mrs. Robert Leonard, Mrs. J. Benton Van Nuys, Mrs. Hugh Stewart, Mrs. Albert Bonsall, Mrs. Richard J. Schweppe and the hostess. Saturday afternoon Mrs. Newton entertained with a second affair, this being planned in honor of Mrs. Cecilia White and Miss Valentine Hernandez, who have just returned from Europe, where they have passed the last two years, nursing and aiding the wounded. Other guests upon this occasion were Mrs. W. G. Cochran, Mrs. J. W. Hendrick, Mrs. Samuel Storrow, Mrs. A. C. Bilicke, Mrs. Charles Prager, Mrs. T. P. Newton, Mrs. Sarah E. Hunt, Mrs. Stoddard Jess and Miss Ada Williams.

Interesting to a large circle of friends is the announcement made of the engagement of Miss Muriel Farish, daughter of Mr. Oscar Eugene Farish of 2817 Sunset Place, to Mr. Frank M. Boswell, Jr., of this city. The secret was told to a group of friends last Saturday at a prettily appointed luncheon given by Mrs. Henry S. Williams at her home on South Kenmore avenue. The decorations were carried out in yellow and white, the sorority colors of the young bride-elect, who was graduated from Marlborough School two years ago. Quantities of Shasta daisies, ferns and tulle were gracefully combined in the arrangement of the table and clusters of the flowers were used about the rooms. Although no date has been announced for the wedding, it probably will be an event of the early fall. Among those to whom the engagement announcement was made Saturday were Miss Helen Hoover, Miss Cecil Call, Miss Winifred Howland, Miss Barbara Oliver, Miss Ruth Fleming, Miss Gwendolyn Farish, Miss Elizabeth Andrews, Miss Bernice Beauregard, Miss Muriel Tottenham, Miss Dorothea Whitnah, Miss Margaret Cuzner, Miss Bessie Hill, Miss Beatrice Orena, Miss Erma Milligan, Miss Isabelle Wintrobe, Miss Gladys Lobingier, Mrs. Archibald Macleish, and Mrs. Andrew McDonald.

Miss Eleanor Banning has been entertaining a merry coterie of friends from out-of-town, her most recent guest being Miss Josephine Marshall of Virginia, who arrived July 1 for a visit of a week or two. Another of Miss Banning's guests is Miss Louise Black of San Francisco. With her visitors, Miss Banning and a group of other young folk were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Adams this last week-end on a trip to Catalina aboard their boat, the Nixie. Miss Helen Goodall of San Francisco, who was Miss Banning's guest, has left for Santa Barbara to join her parents there. Another fair visitor from the north who has been participating in much of the informal entertaining is Miss Gertrude Bangs of Oakland, who following her stay with Miss Banning has been the house guest of Miss Katherine Kirkpatrick. She will be Miss Lillian Van Dyke's guest before her return to the north.

Particularly attractive among recent society events was the garden party of Mrs. William H. Bonsall at her home, 1340 Crown Hill avenue, this being the second of a series which this charming hostess has given this season. About one hundred and fifty matrons and debutantes were invited for the occasion. Brilliant-hued cactus dahlias were used as the centerpiece of the tea table, placed on the lawn under a spreading maple tree.

Formal announcement was made this week of the engagement of Mrs. Samuel Brown Thomas to Mr. Charles C. Bull of New York and British Guiana. Mrs.

Thomas who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Mellus of 1236 South Alvarado street, is one of the most popular young matrons in local society circles. Mr. Bull is a graduate of Harvard '98 and manager of a gold mine in British Guiana, having been chief ranger in the Yosemite National park for two years previously. No date has been set for the wedding as yet.

In compliment to Mrs. Clare Strohn of Elgin, who is a charming visitor here, Mrs. Mary Strohn and Mrs. George B. McCauley entertained at the Los Angeles Country Club Tuesday with a luncheon. The affair was most attractively appointed, zenias in shades being used in the table decorations. Guests were Mrs. Strohn, Mrs. Wesley Roberts, Mrs. Robert P. McReynolds, Mrs. Barclay Brown, Miss Leila Holterhoff, Mrs. Philo Lindley, Mrs. Thomas Caldwell Ridgway, Mrs. Stanley Woodruff Smith, Mrs. Will Richardson, Miss Angelita Phillips, Miss Lois Salisbury, Mrs. Frank W. King, and Miss Ella Gardner.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Q. Stanton of Andrews Boulevard passed last week-end at Pine Crest, Bear Lake and other mountain resorts of that district, being in company with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jaquemot of Switzerland, who have been making their home in Los Angeles for the last year or so. Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Stanton, son and daughter-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Stanton, are at Hermosa Beach for the summer with their children. In August Mr. and Mrs. Stanton, Sr., with Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Locksley Stanton will occupy the cozy beach cottage.

Under the direction of D. F. Robertson, manager of the travel agency, California Savings Bank, a party of Los Angelenos will leave here August 25 for an extended tour of the Orient. Among those making the trip will be Mrs. Wellington Vannatta, Mrs. L. M. Hackney, Mrs. H. L. Beckjord, Dr. and Mrs. Peter Scott, Mr. A. D. McCann, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Watterson, Miss Alice Wilson and Mr. James Caruthers. The party will sail from San Francisco August 26 on the new Japanese liner, S. S. "Tenyo Maru." After an extended tour of Japan the travelers will proceed through Korea and Manchuria to Peking, thence to Hong Kong and the Philippines, returning to Los Angeles November 28.

In honor of Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge Harley Stuart, whose wedding a fortnight or so ago in Seattle was an event of much interest, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lindley entertained last Saturday evening at dinner, the affair being attractively appointed and delightfully informal. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart are enjoying a leisurely motoring trip through California as a part of their honeymoon.

Judge and Mrs. Oscar Trippet have taken a place at Twenty-first street and Circle Drive, Hermosa Beach, where they will pass the remainder of the summer season.

Judge and Mrs. William Frederickson of 7112 Hawthorne avenue, Hollywood, with their three attractive children, are at Hermosa Beach for the remainder of the summer. They are located at 34 Seventeenth street.

Madame Esther Palliser has just returned from a delightful trip to San Diego, where she was given an ovation by four thousand people, before whom she sang, with Professor Stewart accompanying her on the mammoth out-of-door organ. Madame Palliser, who since her retirement from a brilliant career in Europe, has made her home in Los Angeles, was also accorded a special reception while in San Diego, being met officially upon her arrival and escorted to the spacious California building on the Exposition grounds, where a large reception was held in her honor. Mr. Lewis Coleman Hall of New York, a distinguished artist, also came in for a share of the courtesies.

Mrs. Erasmus Wilson of Chester Place was hostess Tuesday at a charming luncheon given for members of a bridge club of which she is also a member. The house was abloom with blossoms from the beautiful gardens of the Wilson's country place near San Gabriel. Places at the table were arranged for Mrs. O. H. Churchill, Mrs. Richard V. Day, Mrs. William Irving Hollings-

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worth, Mrs. Stoddard Jess, Mrs. A. J. Salisbury, Mrs. Oscar Souden, Mrs. Edward D. Roberts, Mrs. John T. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Frank Walsh, Mrs. Leon Moss, Mrs. Seeley Mudd, Mrs. Charles McFarland, Mrs. J. H. Miles, Mrs. S. M. Goddard, Mrs. Mary S. Strohn and the hostess. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, who have been enjoying many delightful week-ends at their picturesque country place are planning to go up there in the near future for a longer sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ridgway and their two children are planning to pass August at Bear Valley, where they have a cozy little cabin. Mrs. Ridgway's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Rowley, will go to San Francisco later in the summer for a stay there and it is probable that they will visit their son-in-law and daughter at their Bear Valley cabin also.

Mrs. E. S. Rowley, assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Ridgway, enter-

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tained last Saturday with an informal buffet luncheon and bridge party at her home on Menlo avenue. Guests included members of a bridge club to which Mrs. Rowley belongs. Sweetpeas in the pastel shades were used in effecting an artistic decoration. Among those enjoying the afternoon were Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Mrs. J. H. Miles, Mrs. Mary Strohn, Mrs. A. J. Waters and her mother, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. S. M. Goddard, Mrs. Richard V. Day, Mrs. Fanny Ewing, Mrs. Charles Anthony, Mrs. A. J. Salisbury, Mrs. Wheaton Gray, Mrs.

Owen H. Churchill, Mrs. S. K. Lindley, Mrs. Percy Clark, Mrs. Joseph Radford, Mrs. Charles McFarland, Mrs. H. B. Davis and Mrs. Altie Hallet. Several other of the club members, including Mrs. Frank Walsh, Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth and Mrs. John T. Fitzgerald were out of the city on a week-end trip and unable to be present.

Delightful among the events of the week is the affair being given today by Mrs. Cornelius Cole of Colegrove, who recently returned with her son, Mr. George Cole from a trip to the Grand Canyon, where with Mrs. John P. Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick MacMonnies they enjoyed a most pleasant stay. The affair today is informal and guests include a number of old-time friends of Mrs. MacMonnies, formerly Miss Alice Jones, who with her distinguished husband, the famous sculptor, has come from Europe for a visit with relatives and friends here.

Mr. Bruce Macneil, son of Mrs. Hugh Livingstone Macneil, left a few days ago for Montana where he will be a guest of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Clark on their big ranch there. Miss Katherine Mellus is also a guest of the Clarks at their Montana ranch.

Mrs. Alvin Frank has returned from San Francisco, where with her mother, Mrs. Maurice Hellman she has been passing a month or so. Mrs. Hellman who prolonged her stay in the northern city a week or two longer, returned home yesterday.

Mrs. Samuel Haskins of Orchard avenue entertained Thursday in honor of Mrs. Jack Johnson of San Francisco, formerly Miss Bernice Landers, and also in compliment to Mrs. James Bishop also of San Francisco and Mrs. Almeric Coxhead of Berkeley who is visiting here with her sister, Mrs. William Joyce at Oak Knoll. Sweetpeas and roses in contrasting shades were used in the decorations and about thirty guests enjoyed the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Haskins are planning to occupy the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hamilton at Long Beach later in the season, when the latter are going to San Francisco for a trip.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert P. McReynolds with their children and Mrs. McReynolds' mother, Mrs. B. F. Coulter, are occupying a cozy place at Hermosa Beach for the summer months. They are planning soon to have as their guests Dr. McReynolds' brother, Justice McReynolds of Washington, D. C., and his sister, Mrs. John N. Zarecore. The latter two who are en route westward have been visiting in New York and at their old home in Kentucky. They also will visit in Chicago and make a short stop at the Grand Canyon.

Miss Dorothy Lindley, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lindley, is planning to go north in August, when she will be a bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Alma Chittenden, daughter of General H. M. Chittenden, and Lieutenant James Bell Kress, aide to the President. Mr. Kress is a West Point graduate. The marriage is to take place in September in Seattle. Dr. and Mrs. Lindley are to go east this fall, including New York and other of the larger cities in their itinerary. This summer they are remaining in Los Angeles, with occasional trips to nearby pleasure resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Woodhead and daughters, Miss Florence and Miss Charlene Woodhead, have been enjoying a short sojourn at Shasta Springs. They plan a visit also to Klamath Falls and Crater Lake and will later go to Fort Stevens where Lieutenant and Mrs. Thomas S. Steere, son-in-law and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Woodhead, are living.

Judge and Mrs. Frank Finlayson have taken a cottage at Hermosa Beach for the summer months. They are located at Twenty-second street and Speedway.

Of special interest to a large circle of friends is the announcement made by Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Scott of Menlo avenue of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Alice Scott to Mr. George Garfield Nader. The wedding, which will be one of the important events of the early autumn will take place October 19.

Dr. and Mrs. John Trueworthy and their charming daughter, Miss Alberta Trueworthy, are again occupying their home at 742 South Garland avenue after a year's absence. They leased their place and after passing last summer at Hermosa Beach, they were domiciled during the winter months at the Harbour apartments.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Shearer of 640 Serrano avenue have as their guest

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Interior Decorators

F. OLIVER WELLS, Brack Shops, interior decorating, draperies, hand decorations on furniture. Mural and tapestry painting.

their niece, Miss Mildred Roberts, who has come down from San Francisco to remain for the summer. Miss Roberts has a host of friends here and a number of informal but delightful courtesies are planned in her honor.

Judge and Mrs. Y. Sepulveda who joined their daughter, Miss Conchita, in the north recently passed a few days in San Francisco, later the three going on to Pleasanton, where they have been guests of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst at the Hacienda del Poso de Verona. While in San Francisco Judge and Mrs. Sepulveda were guests of honor at a luncheon given by Count and Countess del Valle de Salazar at the Palace hotel. That same afternoon the Countess Salazar entertained with a beautifully appointed tea at the Palace in honor of Miss Sepulveda.

Mrs. Stoddard Jess was hostess Friday of last week at a daintily appointed luncheon given at the Craggs Country Club. Her guests included Mrs. Walter Perry Story, Mrs. George I. Cochran, Mrs. W. H. Davis, Mrs. Frank Johnson of Portland, Oregon, who is visiting here as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Story; Mrs. E. D. Roberts, Mrs. Walker Kamm, who is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Roberts; Mrs. Earl Lied and Miss Angelita Phillips.

Mrs. Nathaniel Wilshire and her little daughter, Natalie, left last Saturday for the north. They will pass a week in Piedmont as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Williamson and later will go to Monterey, where Mr. and Mrs. Jack Niven have taken a house for the season.

Dr. and Mrs. Lloyd L. Krebs, with their children, have taken a cottage at

Lucile's Shop Talk



Courtesy Guenther Knitting Co.

Button, button—the button company on Hill, near Seventh, have the buttons for all occasions. Also plaiting, hemstitching and embroidery are executed here in a "know how" manner.

Interior decorating—the kind you admire in the most palatial home and the coziest bungalow is executed by a firm on Promenade D, Brack Shops. If you are particular and know what you want, talk to artists who know their work.

Baby clothes in endless variety—one of the largest assortments I have ever seen for the most important member of the family. The main store is on Broadway, near Third, and a branch is maintained in the Brack Shops.

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Balboa Beach, near that of their Pasadena friends, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Jardine, and will pass the remainder of the season at that popular beach city.

One of the recent visitors to Coronado was Mrs. Carrie Fay Ramsey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Wann of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Wann have been enjoying a most delightful stay at Coronado, where they took active part in the teas, dinners, dances and swimming parties, which just now are in full swing at that popular coast resort.

Notes From Bookland

Several reviewers of "If Any Man Sin," H. A. Cody's dramatic novel of the Far North (George H. Doran Company), have doubted whether the author was ever really in the Yukon. They have implied that he drew upon the experience of others for the information which he has used in this book. As a matter of fact, he lived there for nearly five years, and but for the exposures he received on the trail, he would be there yet. From these he has never recovered.

Oliver Onions, author of "Mushroom Town," "In Accordance With the Evidence," etc., is at present engaged in learning the manufacture of ammunition at a School of Military Engineering "somewhere in England." Recently he paid a short visit to the Western front.

Dr. Lena K. Sadler and Dr. W. S. Sadler have collaborated in the writing of a new volume in the well-known Sadler Health classics to be called "The Mother and Her Child," and to be issued soon by A. C. McClurg & Co. Another interesting announcement from

Infants' Apparel

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BOOKLOVERS' LIBRARY, 222 Mercantile Pl. All the late books less than 2c per day.

BOOK LOVERS' EXCHANGE, Prom. 12, Brack Shops. Fiction. Drama. Yearly rates.

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this popular publishing house is that they have in press for early publication a biography of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young. The work deals mainly with her public career and her labor of half a century in the cause of education in Chicago.

Those famous "wild and woolly" Tarzan stories have had such a phenomenal success in serial and book form that they are now being filmed for the movies.

Putnam's announce as in train for publication a volume entitled "War and Humanity," by James M. Beck, former assistant attorney-general of the United States and author of "The Evidence in the Case." "The Evidence in the Case," a discussion of the moral responsibility for the War of 1914, as disclosed by the diplomatic records of England, Germany, Russia, Austria, France, Italy, and Belgium, has won an international reputation.

Dr. George F. Kunz, the gem expert, of Tiffany Company, has cut a new facet in the genius of Shakespeare in his "Shakespeare and Precious Stones," (Lippincotts). For it matters little what subject one takes up in connection with the bard of Avon—he seems to have made each new topic the occasion for deep study. In this new volume the wealth of exact knowledge and exquisite poesy illustrating precious stones is astonishing.

Miss Letitia Carberry, popularly known as "Tish," is one of the most popular characters ever created by that versatile story-teller, Mary Roberts Rinehart, and her many admirers will be glad to know that the stories of her adventures will soon be obtainable in book form.

Books

MOHAMMEDANISM is a live subject today, with the Central Powers of Europe in close alliance with the Turk, and an immediate prospect of the center of the Moslem world being shifted back, after the lapse of centuries, from Constantinople to Cairo. C. Snouck Hourgronje, a recognized authority on the subject, who takes a statesman's point of view, having recently published a book entitled "The Holy War Made in Germany," in which he discusses present political issues, and he has now brought out a new book on Mohammedanism. The present war is of the most absorbing interest to the student of history and institutions as being decisive in the matter of settling the succession to Constantinople and to the Near East as far as Bagdad. Berlin, with a strange lack of loyalty to Christendom, has toyed in a Macchiavellian way with Mohammedanism, and became responsible for its least worthy exponent, the Ottoman Turk. Is the Turk the real clue to the whole situation? Dr. Snouck Hourgronje—the name is Dutch—was born at Custerhout sixty years ago, and since the year 1880 has specialized on the subject now under treatment. His native country has a special interest in the Mohammedan world, no fewer than thirty-five million Mohammedans live under the Dutch flag. After a few years passed in teaching Mohammedan law at the University of Leiden, he went east to Arabia, and studied at Mecca and Jidda. "It is now almost thirty years," he tells us in his fourth and last chapter, "since I lived the life of a Meccan student one university year, after having become familiar with the matter taught by the professors of the temple of Mecca, the Haram, by privately studying it, so that I could freely use all my time in observing the mentality of people learning those things not from curiosity, but in order to acquire the only true direction for their life in this world and the salvation of their souls in the world to come. For a modern man there could not be a better opportunity imagined for getting a true vision of the Middle Ages than is offered to the Orientalist by a few months' stay in the Holy City of Islam." The author does not consider that the Mohammedan world is necessarily centered at Constantinople, or that the Sultan-Khalif there has anything like the same commanding place as is held in Roman Catholic Christendom by the Pope of Rome. He believes that the bulk of Mohammedans, who live at present under alien flags, often find greater freedom than if they lived under the Crescent. His account of the plant-like adaptive growth of Mohammedanism, which he thinks owes its initial strength to the suddenly released activities of the brilliantly endowed Arabs, and his discussion of "Ijma," the "Agreement of the Community," which continues this adaptability, are well worth careful perusal. A change is coming over the hitherto conservative religion. "England, France, Holland," he remarks in a concluding paragraph, "and other countries governing Mohammedan populations are all endeavoring to find the right of way to incorporate their Mohammedan subjects into their own civilization." He pays a tribute to the wise attitude of British officials in Egypt. The book is not the least valuable of a series of American Lectures on the History of Religions, which began at our great university centers in the east more than twenty years ago. (Mohammedanism: Lectures on Its Origin, Its Religious and Political Growth, and Its Present State. By C. Snouck Hourgronje, Professor of the Arabic Language in the University of Leiden, Holland. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Bullock's.) J. M. D.

Call To Heedful Citizenship

"Two kinds of Germans inhabit our soil," says Owen Wister by way of introduction to a consideration of "Their Faith and Allegiance," a temperately serious discussion of one of our present day "national problems," by Gustavus Ohlinger. The first kind is of the desirable type that produces such citizens as the illustrious Carl Schurz; who come to widen their lives and become law-abid-

ing and loyal Americans; the second are Prussianized Germans to whom America means but a field for bettering their own fortunes and a land to add to the glory of their Kaiser and the material aggrandizement of the Fatherland. Those of the first class naturally join with the purposes of the Pilgrims in establishing "a more perfect Union," are constructive and a source of strength; the latter are "hyphenates"—"exiles," according to Mr. Ohlinger. One of the most interesting sections of the book deals with the close organization and activities of the National Alliance and the development of the doctrine of "Kulturpolitik" and the "Counsels of Disunion" growing out of this peculiar theory. "Every American must respect the sentimental attachment of citizens of German origin to the old Fatherland," and sympathize with their sangerbunds and festivities. But why should their alliances extend to effecting compulsory teaching of German in the public schools as has been done in certain sections, to entering the political field as Germans rather than as American citizens, to a solidarity to "check nativistic encroachments" and work for "Germanization" generally as toward a new era in American political life, Mr. Ohlinger pertinently asks. The work of the German press, of mushroom growth since the outbreak of hostilities in Europe, also challenges attention and thought. Not all the fault is with the foreigner in this state of affairs. "In the mad pursuit of material gain, in their own indifference to national life, they (Americans) have offered these later arrivals no new ideals, no means of amalgamation. They naturally reverted to what Germany gave them." A warning it were well to examine and heed. This is one of the sanest, most earnestly liberal appeals to both German and native-born Americans. ("Their True Faith and Allegiance." By Gustavus Ohlinger. Foreword by Owen Wister. The Macmillan Co. Bullock's.)

Story of Intrigue

Life as it is, clearly and graphically portrayed, is set forth in "Exile," an interesting novel by Dolf Wyllarde. With fearless pen the author has narrated the love of a woman, married to a worthless rascal, for another man. The setting of the story is a British outpost in the Orient, called the "exile" by those whom force of circumstances has isolated there. The characters in the novel are a group of Britishers, the principals being Richmond Hervey, a government engineer; Claudia Everett, known as the most beautiful woman of the colony, and her husband, the chief justice, whose daring rascality and authoritative despotism have made him feared and hated. Hervey, the idol of many women, detests Claudia for her coldness and aloofness. Then Fate suddenly thrusts her happiness into his hands as the result of a blackmailing letter sent him by the chief justice. As the envoy of her husband, Claudia is sent to Hervey to regain possession of the letter. At this point the story reaches a dramatic height and gradually from the tragedy of Claudia's life with the chief justice, a great happiness is evolved. Into the story are woven by the dexterous skill of the author, many vitally interesting incidents and events, and other characters of the story are also brought into strong relief. ("Exile." By Dolf Wyllarde. John Lane Co. Bullock's.)

Future "Conquest of America"

Necessity never was so much the mother of invention as it is with authors of accounts of imaginary narratives of the future. So it is that Cleveland Moffett has depended, as have many of his predecessors in this class of fiction, upon this ever constant resource in times of literary shipwreck and he calls upon the inventive genius of the American to save this nation from the awful plight into which it has been thrown, in his "Conquest of America," by neglect of military preparedness. Moffett's imagination has been busy applying the fate of Belgium to the United States and the time of our destruction is not far off, according to this writer, who puts it in 1921,

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when, in his chronicle, this country is invaded by the Germans, who have little difficulty in capturing New York, Boston and adjacent territory but who are finally discomfited through the invention of a remarkable aerial device. Just such a plot was used in two recent photoplay productions. Mr. Moffett shows a plausibility of narrative which make his plea for preparedness at least an interesting story, but considered in its fundamentals it is a highly improbable argument, particularly when regarded as a source of strength for the larger army and navy advocates, since it shows that of which America has always been chiefly proud, its ingenuity, triumphing over the most military nation of the world. ("Conquest of America." By Cleveland Moffett. George H. Doran Co. Bullock's.)

"Why Be Fat?"

"Why be fat?" asks Amelia Summerville, when by the exercise of a little intelligence, willpower and patience any one may govern his or her weight? This, in brief, is the content of a small volume of pointed title, reiterating much familiar advice, knocking at several new theories, setting forth a few original ideas and full of the healing suggestions of optimism. As Miss Summerville, who is an actress by profession, succeeded in reducing her own weight by one hundred pounds in less than a year, her message has interest. Not alone to the matter of weight reduction does Miss Summerville devote her attention but to secrets of beauty culture as well, in succinct and artless fashion. Most practical are the menus planned, the dietary outlined and the appetizing recipes given. ("Why Be Fat?" By Amelia Summerville. Fredrick A. Stokes Co. Bullock's.)

Magazines of the Month

In its July issue Harper's has discovered that there is a war in Europe and has what is, unless miscalculation has crept into statistics, its first article directly alluding to that conflict in an important discussion of "Financial Illusions of the War" by Thomas W. Lamont. Simeon Strunsky has a delightful essay, the leading article of the month, on "Academic Heights," another installment of Mark Twain's "Mysterious Stranger" is given, W. L. George writes of "The Break-up of the Family," and there are a number of other interesting articles, stories and poems.

Anne Goldthwaite as a portrait painter is made the subject of the leading article in the American section of the International Studio for July. A. D. Defries, the author, finds much to praise in the work of this vigorous artist. Color plates in the July issue include reproductions of four of Arthur Wardle's pastels, two of leopards and two of lions, and of an oil, "The Nut Gatherers," by Charles H. Mackie, A. R. S. A.

Consideration is given to the presidential candidates in the Review of Reviews for July in articles on "Wilson and His Administration" and on "The Career of Hughes." Dr. Albert Shaw, the editor, discusses the relations of the United States and Mexico and Frank H. Simonds writes of the prominent place which Russia has again taken in the world war. In addition to much original matter there is the usual assembly of interesting reviews of articles in other periodicals.

As in most of the eclectic magazines of the month, the July Current Opinion is largely given over to discussion of the relative merits and chances of Wilson and Hughes. Jacob H. Schiff is called the "first martyr of Americanism" in selections from the press regarding his recent difficulties. The real meaning of the great sea battle also comes in for much notice in Current Opinion, which passes on the ideas of a number of other periodicals.

Wallace Stevens contributes a play in one act, "Three Travelers Watch a Sunrise," to Poetry for July. "In Memory of Bryan Lathrop" by Edgar Lee Masters is a little out of that poet's ordinary vein. There are several other notable poetical offerings.

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Books Received This Week

"Davenport." By Charles Marriott. Novel. John Lane Co.
"The Gold Trail." By H. de Vere Stacpole. Tale of adventure. John Lane Co.
"David Blaize." By E. F. Benson. A boy's school days. George H. Doran Co.
"Loot." By Arthur Somers Roche. Novel. Bobbs-Merrill Co.

CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP

The undersigned do hereby certify that they are conducting, as co-partners, the business of buying and selling automobiles and automobile accessories, under the firm name and style of Reilly Motor Car Co., at 1228-1230 South Flower street, in the City of Los Angeles, California, and that the names and addresses of the members of said co-partnership are as follows:

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George W. Reilly, Jr., 545 West 40th Place, Los Angeles, Cal.

GEORGE W. REILLY, JR.
GEO. W. REILLY, SR.
HERBERT H. REILLY.

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss. On this 22nd day of June, in the year 1916, before me, A. B. Shaw, Jr., a notary public, in and for said county and state, residing therein, and duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared George W. Reilly, Jr., known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

Witness my hand and official seal. (Notarial Seal) A. B. SHAW, JR., Notary Public in and for said county and State of California.

State of Washington, County of King, ss. On this 26th day of June, in the year 1916, before me, M. H. Cushing, a Notary Public, in and for said County and State, residing therein, and duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared George W. Reilly, Sr. and Herbert H. Reilly, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

(Notarial Seal) M. H. CUSHING, Notary Public in and for said County and State of Washington.

State of Washington, County of King, ss. No. 10442.

I, W. K. Sickels, County Clerk of King County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for the County of King, the same being a Court of Record, do hereby certify that M. H. Cushing, the person whose name is subscribed to the annexed acknowledgment, certificate of proof or affidavit, and before whom the same was taken, was at the date thereof, and is now, a Notary Public in and for said State, duly appointed and commissioned; that by virtue of his said office, he is authorized to take acknowledgements and proofs of deeds or conveyances of lands, tenements and hereditaments situate, lying and being in said State of Washington, and to administer oaths.

I do further certify that I am acquainted with the handwriting of the said M. H. Cushing, and verily believe the name subscribed to the said annexed acknowledgment, certificate of proof or affidavit, is his proper and genuine signature, and that the same is executed according to the laws of the State of Washington.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court at Seattle, King County, Washington, this 26th day of June, A. D. 1916.

W. K. SICKELS, Clerk.
By Jno. T. Frater, Deputy.
(Seal of the Superior Court of King County, Washington.)
U.S.I.R.S. 10 cents, affixed and cancelled.

In the World of Amateur Sports

WHEN play opens next Monday in the Western golf championship at Del Monte the event will be decidedly deserving of the designation "Western," for but five of the 114 entrants hail from east of Salt Lake City. Whether or not this paucity of eastern or middle western entries may be blamed upon the refusal of the Western Amateur Golf Association to allow California to supply a free special train from Chicago to Del Monte will be a fruitful source of argument about country clubs of the Pacific slope for many seasons to come, but not dismayed by the lack of eastern competition the westerners are prepared to make the event a notable one. Southern California is generally believed to have an excellent chance of winning the western title this year, with E. S. Armstrong of Midwick, Pacific coast champion, regarded as the most promising contender from this vicinity. Midwick has sent north an exceedingly strong representation, including as it does, in addition to Armstrong, Hugo Johnstone, R. E. Hunter, Jack Niven and Alexander McDonald. Los Angeles Country Club is represented at Del Monte by Lawrence Cowing, Dr. Dudley Fulton, P. H. Smith and Jack Jevne. Harold Lamb is entered, but not from a Southern California club, giving his registration as Salt Lake City Country Club. Nearly all the northern golf stars are now at Del Monte but there are two notable exceptions in the list of entrants, Harry Davis and Chandler Egan. Whether Charles Evans, the present holder of the Western championship, will come west to defend his title or will let it go by default to the winner of the tournament at Del Monte is still unknown.

Vite Wins Another Cup

Commodore Ben Weston's Vite captured another trophy last Sunday when this fast boat won the Vice-Commodore Goodrich cup for a South Coast Yacht Club race over a mutton-leg course from the end of the Outer Harbor dock to Point Fermin, thence to Brighton Beach and return. The affair was a past-performance handicap in which there were four entries. Columbine, sailed by H. N. Logan and carrying the owner, A. G. Sepulveda, was the scratch boat in the event and the first to finish, but lost on time allowance to the Vite. The Columbine, however, captured the second prize, a handsome cup put up by the club. Corrected time was as follows:

Boat	Start	Elapsed	Correct
Vite	1:00:58	2:03:06	1:47:36
Columbine	1:00:08	1:49:26	1:49:26
Minerva	1:01:42	2:19:05	1:57:05
Gwendolyn	1:00:10	3:12:30	2:21:30

American Polo Championships

Beginning next Monday and continuing at intervals until August 14, games for the polo championships of the United States are to be played at the Point Judith Polo Club at Narragansett Pier, R. I. The senior championship for the Tuxedo cup will be open to all association clubs. The title is now held by the Meadowbrook Club. The junior championship for the Warren cup, now held by the Bryn Mawr Club, is open to teams whose aggregate handicap does not exceed twenty goals. The senior championship for the Thomas cup, now held by the Point Judith Club, is open to all teams, regardless of clubs. Teams handicapped at not less than seventeen goals are eligible for the Army and Navy cups.

President's Cup Tournament

Following the completion of the Western Golf Championship tournament at Del Monte, principal interest in golf hereabouts will center on the President's Cup tournament at the Los Angeles Country Club. The qualifying round will be played July 22, over eighteen holes, with the first 64 to qualify. For the last eight in match play directors' cups will be put up. The President's Cup competition is always one of the most interesting events of the summer season at the Los Angeles club. Last year the trophy was won by Judge William Frederickson.

Athletes at the Front

Mobilization of the National Guard of New York and other eastern states will rob the international championship meet scheduled at Newark, N. J., of much of its promised brilliance, for the east and middle west has even more track and field men of prominence in the militia than has California. It is estimated that

2,000 athletes, members of regiments in Greater New York, left for the front, among them holders of Olympic, national and metropolitan titles. The list includes Homer Baker, middle-distance star, William Plant, junior national walking champion, James Plant, metropolitan mile champion, Frank Stephenson, Abe Lemberg, Frank LaRose, Jim Rosenberger, Hugh Hirshon, Nick Gianakopolis, Matt Geis, Roy Morse and W. R. Bursch, track men and marathoners; A. O. Lake, national champion cyclist, and L. Gaffney, Eddie Goodwin, Dan Dries and Billy Waeldner, bikers, and J. Matsukes, weight-thrower. Among Yale's stars to see service are Seth Low, captain of the 'varsity crew; Morris Hadley, son of the Yale president, and Roland Vaughn, captain of the nine. Princeton's football glory will be represented by Roy E. Bard. Francis Butler, former Yale sprinter, is a private in the first section. George Richardson, former coach of the Yale freshman grid squad, is a lieutenant; Perry Smith, a famous end at Yale is a corporal, as is Albert A. Sercomb. Sercomb played football for the Blue in 1912. In fact, athletics in every section of the United States are hard hit by the mobilization. Stars galore in the middle West have donned their fighting togs to rally to the colors. University of Illinois loses Bernard C. Halstrom, the star fullback of the 1915 championship eleven. Battery C, the North Shore squad of Chicago, includes several of the foremost athletes of the eastern universities. Bruce D. Smith, Harvard's All-American football end, is one of three lieutenants in the battery. He also is vice president of the Western Golf Association. Jess Hawley, famous Yale gridder and at present coach of the University of Iowa eleven, is a private in the first section. Tom Hammond, Michigan's 1907 All-American star, is a sergeant of the sixth section. Andy Ortmeier, Yale football man and member of the racing crew in 1907, is also enrolled. J. W. Marshall, track captain of Yale in 1907, is a corporal in the Sixth company.

Women's Tennis Costume

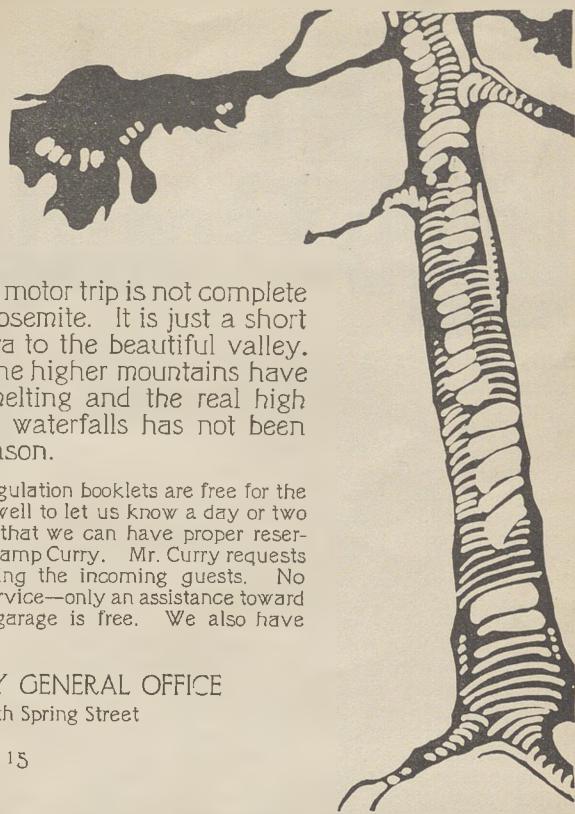
Back east many of the women tennis players are this year declining to confine themselves to the simple white costume, with occasional touches of color of scarf or on hat, which has characterized the girl of the courts in the past. At one of the recent large tournaments a fair player appeared for her matches clad in a white silk waist, green silk skirt and green stockings. Another girl, conspicuous because she was left-handed, added to the attention she attracted by wearing a dainty lacy chartreuse waist. One woman player even appeared in an early match in a broad black sailor hat trimmed with cherries, but she abandoned the head-gear when her opponent began piling up a lead. However, it is notable that the girls who have stuck to the simple white hat, white waist and white skirt are those who have been getting into the finals against Molla Bjurstedt, herself an advocate of the orthodox costume.

Cosmo Hamilton, the young English author and dramatist, who wrote the successful play, "The Blindness of Virtue," has married an American wife, is now settled in this country, and will pass the summer on Long Island. Mr. Hamilton is an ardent advocate of teaching the fundamental truths to the younger generation, and his next novel, "The Sins of the Children," is likely to provoke considerable discussion when it is published in the autumn.

Professor Hiram Bingham, the noted archaeologist and explorer, has enlisted in the Yale Battery as a member of the battalion staff of Maj. Danford. Prof. Bingham is the author of "Across South America" and his knowledge of Spanish and South American customs will be invaluable should his battery be sent to Mexico.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
May 9, 1916.

Non-Coal 028745
Notice is hereby given that William Rogers, whose post-office address is c/o Los Angeles Examiner, Los Angeles, Calif., did, on the 14th day of April, 1916, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 028745, to purchase the NE¼, SE¼, Section 2, Township 1 S., Range 18 SE¼, W. S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and



—the nineteen sixteen motor trip is not complete without a visit to Yosemite. It is just a short side trip from Madera to the beautiful valley. The cool nights in the higher mountains have delayed the snow melting and the real high water in Yosemite's waterfalls has not been reached yet this season.

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that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100, the stone estimated at \$50 and the land \$50; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 25th day of July, 1916, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

JOHN D. ROCHE,
No withdrawals. Register.

The Fallacy of Paraffine base: Eastern oil manufacturers have long extolled the superior virtues of paraffine-base motor oils. But Pacific Coast motorists have proved that Zerolene, made from selected California crude, asphalt-base, gave best results. Their experience is now supported by the testimony of international experts. Lieut. Bryan stated before the Am. Soc. of Naval Engineers: "Oils made from the asphalt-base crudes have shown themselves better adapted to motor cylinders, as far as their carbon-forming proclivities are concerned, than are paraffine-base Pennsylvania oils." Zerolene received highest competitive awards, San Francisco and San Diego Expositions. Dealers everywhere and at service stations and agencies of the Standard Oil Company.

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Knicker: A defeat is when the enemy drives you back home.
Outlate: Or else when you don't dare to go home.—The Sun.

Stocks & Bonds

SHARP advances in Union Oil have been the principal feature of the week on the Los Angeles stock exchange. From an opening Monday at \$76.75 this stock has advanced daily and at present is standing at \$78.50, with the strongly manifested demand still apparently unsatisfied. Stimulated, perhaps, by the improved tone of Union, other oil stocks also enjoyed better trading, particularly Associated, which sold at the firm quotation of \$67.75. Central Oil experienced a revival of interest, changing hands at \$50. Bids for Amalgamated, however, dropped to \$83, with the asked price of \$88 steadily maintained by holders. Rice Ranch was firm. The directors of this company have announced that it will pay dividends at the rate of 2 per cent a month until further notice.

In the mining list the two heaviest Oatman traders of recent months, Big Jim and Tom Reed, remained the centers of activity. Big Jim has fluctuated over a 3 to 4 cent range almost daily. Just now it is quoted at 71½-72½ cents. Renewed demand for Tom Reed stock is taken to indicate that public confidence in this proved mine has been restored. The stock made slight gains daily and is in excellent call. From \$1.53 on Monday's opening it has advanced to \$1.59, with buying orders still much in evidence. Other Oatmans, except United Western which is little affected by exchange trading, have been soft, particularly Gilt Edge. There has been a wild scramble to unload this stock, which is going at 1½-1¾ cents. Ivanhoe is selling off board at 7 cents.

Los Angeles Investment is quiet. It has, however, been practically the only trader in the industrial list, limited quantities selling at the weaker quotation of 58 cents. Los Angeles Railway Corporation 5s and Producers' Transportation bonds were the only securities of their class to change hands. Bank stocks were inactive.

Stock and Bond Briefs

For the fiscal year which ended June 30 the Southern Pacific probably will show, when its records are compiled, the largest sum it has ever had available for dividends, with one exception, that of 1910, when an extra dividend of \$4,590,000 on Southern Pacific holdings of Wells Fargo Express stock was paid. In the eleven months which ended May 31 the system's gross was more than \$9,000,000 more than for the entire fiscal year ending June 30, 1915. On the basis of actual earnings for eleven months and estimating the business which was transacted in June the income account for the year should work out somewhat as follows: Gross \$153,100,000, operating income \$48,800,000, other income \$17,800,000, total income \$66,600,000, interest and other charges \$34,000,000, net income \$32,600,000, stock outstanding \$272,670,900, per cent on stock 11.9.

For the twelve months which ended May 31 Santa Fe earned 6.30 per cent on its property investments, compared with 5.28 per cent for the twelve months ended May 31, 1915. This is the first time the Santa Fe has included this calculation in its monthly earnings reports.

Directors of the Tonopah Mining Company have declared a quarterly dividend of 15 per cent, payable July 21.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company has declared the regular semi-annual dividends of \$3.50 a share on preferred and \$2.50 a share on common stock, both payable September 1 to holders of record August 14.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company paid its regular quarterly dividend of 1½ per cent on preferred stock, July 13.

Stockholders of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company at their annual meeting held recently ratified the action taken at the special meeting of May 16 when the capital stock was increased from \$1,000,000 to \$4,000,000. The 17,000 shares of preferred and 30,000 shares of additional common stock authorized by the stockholders have all been subscribed. The old board of directors was re-elected.

It is reported that the Salt Lake Iron

and Steel Company has refused a \$3,000,000 shell contract from the Russian government because orders from the intermountain country for parts of machinery have been so great that the Salt Lake concern feels no temptation to enter the munition business.

Illinois Central Railroad Company has declared the usual semi-annual dividend of 2½ per cent, payable September 1 to holders of record August 7.

Northern Pacific will pay its regular quarterly dividend of 1¼ per cent to stockholders August 1. Great Northern also will pay a dividend of a similar amount the same day.

Curtis Aeroplane Company today paid its initial semi-annual dividend of 3½ per cent on the \$6,000,000 preferred stock.

American Locomotive Company has declared the usual quarterly dividend of 1¼ per cent on the preferred stock, payable July 21.

Banks and Bankers

In a recent address before the Circonian Club of this city, W. R. Morehouse, assistant cashier of the German-American Trust and Savings Bank, emphasized the fact that stringency in money affairs is more often due to individuals than to banks. Speaking on the subject "Hoarding Money Injurious to Business," Mr. Morehouse brought out many striking examples of the manner in which it is possible to tell when money is put in a stocking instead of a bank. He cited the fact that more than fifty million dollars in odd coins and obsolete forms of monetary exchange are unaccounted for, although records show them to have been issued. He further stated that of the \$3,368,000,000 of gold which has been coined by the United States more than half has gone out of circulation and supposedly is hidden in safety deposit vaults or about homes.

New York and Chicago bankers are back of a new concern, the Haytian-American Corporation, which has been created under the New York laws to acquire existing public utilities in Hayti, consisting of terminal facilities, a railroad, electric light plants and a tramway in the capital city of Port-au-Prince and adjoining agricultural valleys and an electric light plant in Cape Haytien.

Arrangements have been made to extend for six months the \$12,000,000 one-year 6 per cent notes of the government of Argentina, placed in this country and falling due this month. Eastern bankers indicate that no immediate fresh loans will be made to Argentina.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Los Angeles

Temporary injunction against picketing by striking longshoremen granted by superior court.

Nearly half million dollars cut from proposed city budget by council.

George S. Patton announces candidacy for Democratic nomination for United States senate and Walter Bordwell for Republican nomination.

Five hundred Los Angeles recruits go to citizens' military training camp at Monterey.

California

Governor Johnson comes out as candidate for United States senator.

San Francisco business men raise fund to fight for open shop.

United States

German super-submarine Deutschland reaches Baltimore after trans-Atlantic trip.

Government officials rule Deutschland is a merchant vessel.

Wilson and Carranza continue negotiations.

Mobilization of national guard along Mexican border continues.

House of Representatives passes measure to create tariff commission.

Foreign

English and French continue advance in west, but at slower pace and with fierce counter-attacks from Germans.

Russian advance in east continues.

Germans maintain strong attack upon Verdun.

Villa again takes field against Carranza troops in Mexico.

"The rifle team ought to get Phi Beta Kappa."

"How's that?"

"They're all good marksmen."—Purple Cow.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

GENERAL INSURANCE NEWS

Estimates by the Los Angeles Fire Department for the fiscal year which ended June 30 place fire losses in the city at \$969,989, of which \$306,970 is on buildings and \$663,019 on contents. This total is \$196,954 higher than the losses of the fiscal year 1914-1915, which amounted to \$773,035. The losses for the last six months of 1915-1916 were only \$175,069, but two big fires in the closing days of 1915, the Desmond store blaze in the Douglas block and the Union Warehouse fire, brought the total for the fiscal year up to a high figure.

Next Tuesday evening the Young Men's Insurance Club, composed of employees in local offices, will hold its regular meeting. "Insurable Interest" will be made the topic of a discussion by four members of the club, E. P. Geissler, E. C. Dozier, Jr., J. Johansing and Sam Carpenter.

While several life insurance companies are declining to issue new policies to persons contemplating military or naval service, the majority are accepting such risks, at a extra premium of from \$30 to \$50 a thousand of insurance and in the event of death without the payment of this additional premium the amount of the policy is reduced to one-fifth of its face value. With this premium provision free permits for war service are being generally given under existing policies containing a war restriction. Accident insurance companies are placing restrictions of a more drastic nature upon policy holders. Practically all accident insurance policies contain a pro-rating clause, under which the benefits are automatically reduced if the insured is injured while engaged in a more hazardous occupation than under which he was insured, or while doing any act or anything pertaining to a more hazardous occupation. Many policies also contain a complete prohibition of liability in case of war service. Under the usual pro-rating provisions, the indemnities for accidents sustained in war service would be about one-tenth of the ordinary benefits. Several companies, however, are issuing special policies to soldiers at the rate of \$50 a \$1,000 insurance, with a limit of \$1,000 or \$2,000, policies covering only death and dismemberment, not ordinary accidents.

F. E. Dudley, who for several years has been associated with the office of John Newton Russell, Home Office General Agent of the Pacific Mutual, has resigned to accept the position of private secretary to Manager C. W. Helser of the ordinary department of the West Coast-San Francisco Life, in the northern city. Mr. Dudley, who has been secretary of the Los Angeles Life Underwriters' Association, resigned that position before going north. His successor has not yet been selected.

Interesting figures showing that age is no bar to success in selling insurance, have been issued by the New York Life, which presents the names of eight agents, all past sixty-nine years of age, who in the last year sold more than \$100,000 paid-up business. The best record was made by Capt. T. D. Marcum of the Louisville branch, 76 years old, who in 1915 paid for \$174,258 of business.

"I hear that Pilkins is engaged in literary work."

"That's not so. All he is doing is writing a novel according to a publisher's prescription."—Life.

Mother: If you fell in the water, why are your clothes dry?

Tommy: I took 'em off in case of accident.—The Sun.

"Yes, we married in haste. I hope my husband doesn't repent at leisure."

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C ITIZENS NATIONAL BANK N. W. Cor. Fifth and Spring.	A. J. WATERS, President. E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus \$500,000; Undivided Profits, \$235,441.61.
H IBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK Second Floor, Hibernian Bldg. Spring and Fourth.	GEORGE CHAFFEY, President. GEORGE A. J. HOWARD, Cashier. Capital, \$325,000.00. Surplus and Profits, \$35,250.00.
N ATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring	J. E. FISHBURN, President. H. S. McKEE, Cashier. Capital, \$500,000.00; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.
C OMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK 401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth.	W. A. BONYNGE, President. MALCOLME CROWE, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.
F IRST NATIONAL BANK S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring	J. M. ELLIOTT, President. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus and Profits, \$2,537,953; Deposits, \$25,270,000.
F ARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK Corner Fourth and Main	I. W. HELLMAN, President. V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

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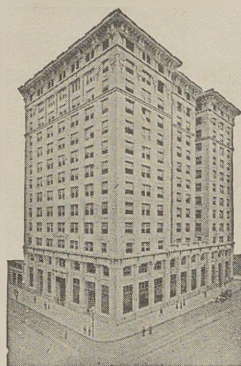
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KODAK STORE, Mercantile Place.
PLEUKHARP'S, Mercantile Place.
ALEXANDRIA HOTEL LOBBY, 5th & Spring.
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BULLOCKS, Seventh & Broadway.
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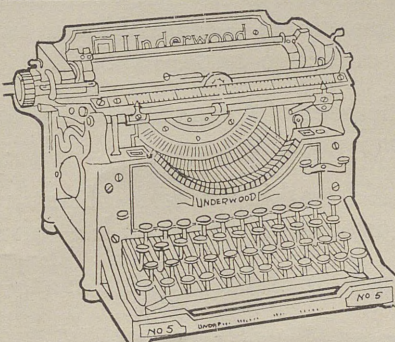
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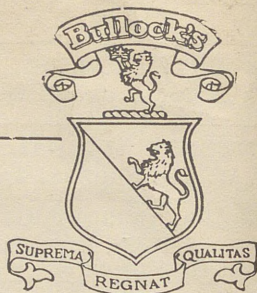
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